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Merchant of Venice

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Portia

BOOKLOVERS EDITION

MERCHANT OF VENICE

ROMEO AND JULIET

By
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE



With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Preface.

The Editions. Two Quarto editions of *The Merchant of Venice* were printed in the year 1600, with the following title-pages:—

(i.) *The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three Caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts,* 1600. This Quarto had been registered on July 22nd, 1598, with the *proviso* "that yt bee not printed by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoeuer without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord chamberlen." This edition is generally described as 'the first Quarto.' (ii.) *The most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame cruelties of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests. As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London. Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon.* 1600. This, the second Quarto, had been entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 28th of October of the same year 'under the handes of the Wardens and by consent of master Robertes.' It seems therefore likely that 'I. R.' are the initials of the printer of the first Quarto, though the same type was not used for the two editions, which were evidently printed from different transcripts of the author's manuscript. Quarto 1 gives on the whole a

more accurate text; in a few instances it is inferior to Quarto 2.

The second Quarto was carelessly reprinted in 1637, the only addition being a list of 'The Actors' Names'; in one instance it improved on the previous editions ('in measure *reine* thy joy,' III. ii. 112, instead of '*rain*'). A fourth Quarto, probably the third with a new title-page, appeared in 1652. Prof. Hales has suggested that the publication of this Quarto was connected with the proposed re-admission of the Jews into England, which was bitterly resented by a large portion of the nation; 'the re-exhibition of Shylock in 1652 could scarcely have tended to soften this general disposition.'

The text of the first Folio edition (1623) represents that of the second Quarto with a few variations, the most interesting being the change of 'the Scottish lord' into 'the other lord,' evidently in deference to the reigning king.

During the first half of the eighteenth century a 'low comedy' version, '*The Jew of Venice*,' by George Granville, Viscount Lansdowne, supplanted Shakespeare's play, and held the stage from the date of its appearance in 1701; Macklin's revival of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Drury Lane in 1741 dealt a death-blow to Lansdowne's monstrosity, and restored again to the stage

'The Jew
That Shakespeare drew.'

The Original Shylock. In the Funeral Elegy of the famous actor, Richard Burbadge, 'who died on Saturday in Lent, the 13th of March, 1618,' there is a valuable reference to Burbadge's impersonation of Shylock:—

"Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too,
Are lost for ever; with the red-haired Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh;
What a wide world was in that little space,
Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place."

(For the interpretation of the character by Macklin, Kean, Irving, and Booth, *cp.* Furness' *Variorum* edition, pp. 371-385.)*

Date of Composition. *The Merchant of Venice* is mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia,* 1598; in the same year Roberts entered it on the Books of the Stationers' Company. This is the earliest positive allusion to the play. A noteworthy imitation of the moonlight scene between Lorenzo and Jessica occurs in the play *Wily Beguiled,* probably written in 1596-7. In Henslowe's Diary, under the date 'August 25th, 1594,' mention is



From Carleton's 'Thankfull Remembrance, (1624).

made of *'The Venesyon Comodey'* (*i.e.* *'The Venetian Comedy'*) as a new play; one cannot, however, with any certainty identify Henslowe's comedy with *The Merchant of Venice,* though it seems likely that we have here a reference to a rough draft of the play as we know it,—a partial

* The most valuable of all the editions of the play (published by Lippencott, 1892), edited by Horace Howard Furness.

revision of some older play used by Shakespeare, hastily re-written to satisfy popular feeling against Dr. Roderigo Lopez, the queen's Jewish physician, who was executed on the 7th of June, 1594, on the charge of being bribed by the King of Spain to poison the Queen (*cp. The Original of Shylock,* by S. L. Lee, *Gentleman's Magazine,* 1880; the article on '*Lopez*' in the *Dictionary of National Biography*; '*the Conspiracy of Dr. Lopez,*' *The Historical Review,* July 1894). It is a significant fact that Lopez's chief rival was the pretender *Don Antonio.**

Finally, Shakespeare's debt to Silvayn's *Orator* has an important bearing on the date of the play; the English translation appeared in 1596; it is just possible, but unlikely, that Shakespeare had read the work in the original French. The play may perhaps safely be dated 'about 1596'; the evidence will allow of nothing more definite.

The Sources. In 1579 Stephen Gosson, who had himself been a writer of plays, published his "*School of Abuse,*" containing "a pleasant invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters and such-like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth: setting up the flag of defiance to their mischievous exercise, etc., etc."; the book is a vigorous attack on the acted drama; yet he confesses that some of their plays are without rebuke; 'which are easily remem-

* Lopez was for a time attached to the household of Lord Leicester. James Burbadge, the father of Richard Burbadge, one of 'the Earl of Leicester's company of servants and players,' must have had many opportunities of seeing Lopez, when the doctor was attending the Earl at Kenilworth. It has been suggested that the traditional red beard of Shylock was actually derived from Burbadge's personal knowledge of Lopez. But it is now generally accepted on ample evidence that there were many Jews scattered throughout England in the Elizabethan period, though their formal re-admission was brought about by Cromwell. Queen Elizabeth seems to have had her very strong doubts as to Lopez's alleged guilt, but his enemies were evidently determined to get rid of him. The accounts of the trial are interesting reading, from many points of view.

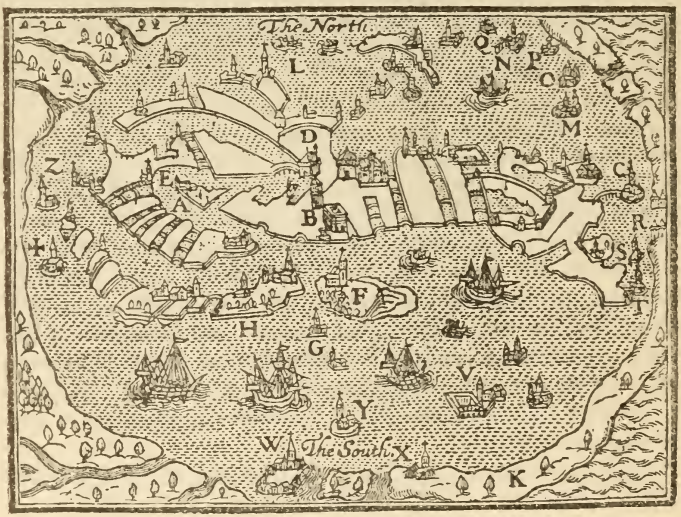
bered as quickly reckoned'; he proceeds to enumerate four plays; one of these *The Jew*, shown at the Bull, seems to have been the groundwork of Shakespeare's play, '*representing*,' as Gosson tells us, '*the greediness of worldly choosers, and bloody minds of usurers.*' It is clear from these words that the blending of 'The Bond Story' and 'The Three Caskets' was already an accomplished fact in English dramatic literature as early as 1579. There is probably a reference to this old play in a letter of Spenser to Gabriel Harvey of the same year, 1579, in which he signs himself 'He that is fast bound unto thee in more obligations than any merchant of Italy to any Jew there'; and again perhaps the Jew Gerontus in *The Three Ladies of London* (printed in 1584), who tries to recover a loan of "three thousand ducats for three month" from an Italian merchant Mercatore, may have been derived from the same source. "Gernutus" was possibly the name of Shylock's prototye; he is the hero of an old ballad dealing with 'the bond story.' Its omission of all reference to Portia makes it probable that this ballad preceded Shakespeare's play, though the extant text belongs to the end of the sixteenth or to the beginning of the seventeenth century.*

There are many analogues in European and Oriental literature to the two stories which constitute the main plot of *The Merchant of Venice*. As far as the pound of flesh and the lady-judge is concerned, the Italian story in the *Pecorone* of Ser. Giovanni Fiorentino is alone of direct importance as an ultimate source of the play (*cp.* Hazlitt's

*"*A new song, shewing the cruelty of Gernutus a Jew, who lending to a Marchant a hundred crowns, would have a pound of his Flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appointed.* To the Tune of Black and Yellow" (*cp.* Percy's *Reliques*, etc.; the text will be found in most editions of the play). This ballad must be distinguished from Jordan's ballad of 1664 (*cp.* Furness' *Variorum* ed., p. 461), in which the author took strange liberties with Shakespeare's story.

Shakspere's Library, Part I. Vol. i.) There can be no doubt that Shakespeare was indebted to this novel.

"*The Gesta Romanorum*"—Richard Robinson's English version entitled '*Records of Ancyent Historyes*' (1577)—contains the nearest approximation to the story of 'The Three Caskets' as treated in this play.*



Venice in 1617.
From Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*.

A, The Great Channell. *C*, Church of St. Peter.
B, Market Place of St. Mark. *E*, Church of St. James neere the bridge Rialto.
K, Il Lido. *M*, The New Lazaretto.

Shylock's argument in the trial scene (Act IV. i. 89-102) bears a striking resemblance to 'Declamation 95' in Silvayn's *Orator* (referred to above), "*of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.*"

* The various analogues of both stories are given in Furness' edition, pp. 287-331.

The elopement of Jessica has been traced by Dunlop to the Fourteenth Tale of Massucio di Salerno, who, enamoured of the daughter of a rich Neapolitan miser, carries her off much in the same way as in the play. It is not improbable that the avaricious father in this tale, the daughter so carefully shut up, the elopement of the lovers managed by the intervention of a servant, the robbery of the father, and his grief at the discovery, which is represented as divided between the loss of his daughter and his ducats, *may* have suggested the third plot in Shakespeare's drama.

Finally, account must be taken of the influence exercised on Shakespeare by Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*; the number of parallel passages in the two plays evidences this sufficiently; there is also similarity in the situation between father and daughter ('Oh, girl, oh, gold, oh, beauty, oh, my bliss'); Barabas and his slave should be compared with Shylock and Launcelot Gobbo; Marlowe's 'counter-argument ad Christianos,' as Ward puts it, anticipates Shakespeare's; yet withal "Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakespeare's as his Edward the Second does to Richard the Second. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners *by the Royal Command*, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been resolved by the Cabinet" (Charles Lamb).

Duration of Action. Various attempts have been made to calculate the action of the play: we know the whole is supposed to last three months, but ten weeks have already expired in Act III. i.; three months have passed between Bassanio's departure from Venice and his choice of the

caskets; his stay at Belmont before the opening of Act III. ii. cannot have been long; Portia bids him 'pause a day or two. . . . I would detain you here some month or two.' So many events have, however, happened during the first two Acts that one gets the impression that many weeks have passed, and the three months are compressed into seven or eight days. Daniel (*Time-Analysis of the Plots of Shakespere's plays*) computes the time thus, though one cannot follow him in making Bassanio's sojourn at Belmont last as long as three months:—*Day* 1, Act I.; interval—say a week. *Day* 2, Act II. i.-vii.; interval one day. *Day* 3, Act II. viii.-ix.; interval—bringing the time to within a fortnight of the maturity of the bond. *Day* 4, Act III. i.; interval—rather more than a fortnight. *Day* 5, Act III. ii.-iv. *Day* 6, Act III. v.; Act IV. *Days* 7 and 8, Act V.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Antonio, a merchant of Venice, has many dear friends who are beholden to him for his good qualities: but most of all he loves Bassanio, for whom he would make any sacrifice. Bassanio is in love with Portia, a wise and wealthy lady, but since he lacks worldly means wherewith to press his suit, he is constrained to borrow of his friend Antonio three thousand ducats ere he can visit her. Antonio's wealth is entirely represented, just then, by various ships at sea. However, he bethinks himself of a Jewish money-lender named Shylock, who lends him the money, under agreement that Antonio shall forfeit a pound of his flesh in default of payment on the day his bond falls due.

II. Although the Jew stipulates this forfeiture in seeming jest, he is nevertheless deeply in earnest, for he has long held a grudge against Antonio; and his rancour is strengthened at this juncture by the elopement of his only daughter, Jessica, with Lorenzo, another of Antonio's friends.

Before Portia's father died he made a curious provision in his will concerning her marriage, whereby her hand was to be given to the suitor who should choose that one of three caskets—respectively of gold, silver, and lead—containing her portrait. The choice of caskets baffles more than one.

III. Bassanio arrives at Portia's house, and, much to her delight, rightly chooses the leaden casket. They plight

their troth. But Bassanio's joy is overcast by the receipt of a letter from Antonio, advising him of the loss of the merchant's cargoes by shipwreck; and that the Jew is insistent upon the letter of his bond. Bassanio hastens back to his friend's succour. Portia privately resolves to be at the trial of Antonio.

IV. Portia obtains from a kinsman the costume of a doctor of laws, investigates Antonio's case thoroughly, and appears at the trial before the Duke of Venice. In her disguise she is not recognized, even by her husband. She pleads the cause of Antonio with such eloquence and logic that Shylock not only loses his case, but also has his property confiscated for plotting against the life of a Venetian. The sentence against him is mitigated sufficiently to allow him to will his property to Jessica. Bassanio, overjoyed at his friend's victory, wishes to bestow upon the supposed lawyer the original sum of three thousand ducats as a fee. But Portia refuses it, and desires only a ring from Bassanio's finger. It was the ring she had given him when they exchanged vows, and he had sworn to keep it. He reluctantly gives it to the fair advocate.

V. Portia's maid, Nerissa—newly wedded to Gratiano, a friend of Bassanio—had accompanied Portia to the trial in the guise of a clerk. She also had won back from her husband her engagement ring. When he returns with Bassanio to Portia's home, Nerissa feigns a very pretty quarrel with him for giving away the ring. Portia, overhearing the quarrel, points out her own husband as a worthier example of faithfulness; and affects much choler when his ring also is not to be found. A general explanation untangles the amusing snarl of events, and brings joy to every heart—even to that of the honest Merchant of Venice, who hears of the safe arrival of three of his ships.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Shylock.

The central figure of [*The Merchant of Venice*], in the eyes of modern readers and spectators, is of course Shylock, though there can be no doubt that he appeared to Shakespeare's contemporaries a comic personage, and, since he makes his final exit before the last act, by no means the protagonist. In the humaner view of a later age, Shylock appears as a half-pathetic creation, a scapegoat, a victim; to the Elizabethan public, with his rapacity and his miserliness, his usury, and his eagerness to dig for another the pit into which he himself falls, he seemed, not terrible, but ludicrous. They did not even take him seriously enough to feel any real uneasiness as to Antonio's fate, since they all knew beforehand the issue of the adventure. They laughed when he went to Bassanio's feast "in hate, to feed upon the prodigal Christian"; they laughed when, in the scene with Tubal, he suffered himself to be bandied about between exultation over Antonio's misfortunes and rage over the prodigality of his runaway daughter; and they found him odious when he exclaimed, "I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her ear!" He was, simply as a Jew, a despised creature; he belonged to the race which had crucified God himself; and he was doubly despised as an extortionate usurer. For the rest, the English public—like the Norwegian public so lately as the first half of this century—had no acquaintance with Jews except in books and on the stage. From 1290 until the middle of the seventeenth century the Jews were entirely excluded from England. Every prejudice against them was free to flourish unchecked.

Did Shakespeare in a certain measure share these religious prejudices, as he seems to have shared the patriotic prejudices against the Maid of Orleans, if, indeed,

he is responsible for the part she plays in *Henry VI.*? We may be sure that he was very slightly affected by them, if at all. Had he made a more undisguised effort to place himself at Shylock's standpoint, the censorship, on the one hand, would have intervened, while, on the other hand, the public would have been bewildered and alienated. It is quite in the spirit of the age that Shylock should suffer the punishment which befalls him. To pay him out for his stiff-necked vengefulness, he is mulcted not only of the sum he lent Antonio, but of half his fortune, and is finally, like Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, compelled to change his religion. The latter detail gives something of a shock to the modern reader. But the respect for personal conviction, when it conflicted with orthodoxy, did not exist in Shakespeare's time. It was not very long since Jews had been forced to choose between kissing the crucifix and mounting the faggots; and in Strasburg, in 1349, nine hundred of them had in one day chosen the latter alternative. It is strange to reflect, too, that just at the time when, on the English stage, one Mediterranean Jew was poisoning his daughter, and another whetting his knife to cut his debtor's flesh, thousands of heroic and enthusiastic Hebrews in Spain and Portugal, who, after the expulsion of the 300,000 at the beginning of the century, had secretly remained faithful to Judaism, were suffering themselves to be tortured, flayed, and burnt alive by the Inquisition, rather than forswear the religion of their race. . . .

But what is most surprising, doubtless, is the instinct of genius with which Shakespeare has seized upon and reproduced racial characteristics, and emphasized what is peculiarly Jewish in Shylock's culture. While Marlowe, according to his custom, made his Barabas revel in mythological similes, Shakespeare indicates that Shylock's culture is founded entirely upon the Old Testament, and makes commerce his only point of contact with the civilisation of later times. All his parallels are drawn from the Patriarchs and the Prophets. With what

unction he speaks when he justifies himself by the example of Jacob! His own race is always "our sacred nation," and he feels that "the curse has never fallen upon it" until his daughter fled with his treasures. Jewish, too, is Shylock's respect for, and obstinate insistence on, the letter of the law, his reliance upon statutory rights, which are, indeed, the only rights society allows him, and the partly instinctive, partly defiant restriction of his moral ideas to the principle of retribution. He is no wild animal; he is no heathen who simply gives the rein to his natural instincts; his hatred is not ungoverned; he restrains it within its legal rights, like a tiger in its cage. He is entirely lacking, indeed, in the freedom and serenity, the easy-going, light-hearted carelessness which characterises a ruling caste in its virtues and its vices, in its charities as in its prodigalities; but he has not a single twinge of conscience about anything that he does; his actions are in perfect harmony with his ideals.

Sundered from the regions, the social forms, the language, in which his spirit is at home, he has yet retained his Oriental character. Passion is the kernel of his nature. It is his passion that has enriched him; he is passionate in action, in calculation, in sensation, in hatred, in revenge, in everything. His vengefulness is many times greater than his rapacity. Avaricious though he be, money is nothing to him in comparison with revenge. It is not until he is exasperated by his daughter's robbery and flight that he takes such hard measures against Antonio, and refuses to accept three times the amount of the loan. His conception of honour may be unchivalrous enough, but, such as it is, his honour is not to be bought for money. His hatred of Antonio is far more intense than his love for his jewels; and it is this passionate hatred, not avarice, that makes him the monster he becomes.

From this Hebrew passionateness, which can be traced even in details of diction, arises, among other things,

his loathing of sloth and idleness. To realise how essentially Jewish is this trait, we need only refer to the so-called Proverbs of Solomon. Shylock dismisses Launcelot with the words, " Drones hive not with me." Oriental, rather than specially Jewish, are the images in which he gives his passion utterance, approaching, as they so often do, to the parable form. (See, for example, his appeal to Jacob's cunning, or the speech in vindication of his claim, which begins, " You have among you many a purchased slave.") Specially Jewish, on the other hand, is the way in which this ardent passion throughout employs its images and parables in the service of a curiously sober rationalism, so that a sharp and biting logic, which retorts every accusation with interest, is always the controlling force. This sober logic, moreover, never lacks dramatic impetus. Shylock's course of thought perpetually takes the form of question and answer, a subordinate but characteristic trait which appears in the style of the Old Testament, and reappears to this day in representations of primitive Jews. One can feel through his words that there is a chanting quality in his voice; his movements are rapid, his gestures large. Externally and internally, to the inmost fibre of his being, he is a type of his race in its degradation.

Shylock disappears with the end of the fourth act in order that no discord may mar the harmony of the concluding scenes. By means of his fifth act, Shakespeare dissipates any preponderance of pain and gloom in the general impression of the play.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Portia.

In the elements which compose the character of Portia, Shakspeare anticipated, but without intention, the

intellect of those modern women who can wield so gracefully many of the tools which have been hitherto monopolized by men. But the same genius which endowed her with a large and keen intelligence derived it from her sex, and, for the sake of it, he did not sacrifice one trait of her essential womanliness. This commands our attention very strongly; for it is the clew which we must start with.

She is still a woman to the core of her beauty-loving heart. Coming home from the great scene in Venice, where she baffles Shylock, and swamps with sudden justice the scales that were so eager for the bonded flesh, she loiters in the moonlight, marks the music which is floating from her palace to be caressed by the night and made sweeter than by day. Her listening ear is modulated by all the tenderness she feels and the love she expects; so she gives the music the color of a soul that has come home to wife and motherhood, till her thoughts put such a strain upon the vibrating strings that they grow too tense, and threaten to divulge her delicate secret. . . .

Portia has the strong sense to expect that the majority of her noble admirers will be taken by appearance. She is not quite sure, but has an instinct, that these gentlemen who are after her are also after her pretty property of Belmont, and will be likely to choose the metals responsive to this temper. Bassanio frankly acknowledges to a friend that he would like to repair his broken fortunes; but Shakspeare shows him to be a lover before he gives this mercenary hint; and he has reason to surmise that Portia loves him. This unspoken mutuality dignifies his quest; as if Shakspeare himself would not admit the charge that he is a fortune-hunter. And it is noticeable how little consequence we attach to Bassanio's character. We do not care to see him in any action, or to have him show a worthiness to be Portia's lover. He is but the lay-figure of her love: there is so much of her that there must be a great deal of him, and

he may be spared the trouble of appearing at full length. And we never suspect her of belonging to that tribe of bright women who, either from instinct or calculation, marry good-natured, well-mannered numskulls, and never have reason to sue for a divorce. Shakspeare ennobles Bassanio when the divining soul sees through the leaden lid.

But what if one of the other suitors should also have a noble heart whose pulses feed discernment, one as fine and unconventional as herself! There is just hazard enough to affront her cherishing of the absent Bassanio. She does not relish the moment when her heart, richer than the princes know of, goes into the lottery. However, when her father made his will, it doubtless occurred to her that his choice of metals came from a life's experience of the calibre of the average man, and was meant affectionately to protect her till the true gentleman should come. As Nerissa says, "Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead (whereof *who chooses his meaning* chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one whom you shall rightly love." Fortunate is the man who wins a wife because he chooses Heaven's meaning in a woman! Luckless the wife who is not chosen by some implied Heaven in a man! . . .

An ordinary woman might have enmeshed him in a cocoon of delicate coquetries: any woman dead in love, and a little less than strict to an oath, would have managed in some way to provoke that lead casket into twinkling a hint to him. But she is too honest for either. A woman with a soul as tender as it is firm, here she stands dismayed as Destiny is about to rattle its dice upon her heart: happiness, and a future worthy of her, all at stake. For though her mental resources might compete with any fate, she is all woman, made to be a wife, and without wifehood to feel herself at one essen-

tial point impaired,—all the more defrauded because so well endowed. How she clings for support to the few moments that yet stand before his choice! She wishes there were more of them to stay her. . . .

Now Bassanio, who lives upon the rack, denies her plea for delay: "Let me to my fortune and the caskets." How profoundly she surmises that music might lull the watching Fate, so that he could pass to his Eurydice! She bids the music play:—

> "As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
> That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
> And summon him to marriage."

Bassanio must be attempered to his choice; the song's key must have an instinct for the proper casket's key. Unconsciously she breaks her oath; for what benign influence selected the song that is now sung? Some star, whose tenant was her father? Or was it Nerissa's doing, who determined to convey a hint to the lover? Or did Gratiano hit upon it, who had got from Nerissa a promise of her love if the choice went to suit her? A hint, indeed! It is the very breadth of broadness, and a lover is not dull. . . .

When Portia's heart unties the spasm of joy that tightened round it at Bassanio's choice, it beats again with the grave and sweet dignity that is as native to her as her playful wit. Her mind recognizes the serious change that must befall her fortune: in the first moment of it there comes a deep humility that makes her speech kneel at the feet of the man whom she will marry. For her great superiority is free from the taint of conceit, save "a noble and a true conceit of godlike amity." . . .

So Portia, who could, when it was needed, "turn two mincing steps into a manly stride," doffs the lawyer's robe, and, returning, is met by music and conducted to a palace that was not till then a home.

Weiss: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

IV.

Antonio.

Viewing the persons severally, it seems that the piece ought by all means to be called The Jew of Venice. But upon looking further into the principles of dramatic combination, we may easily discover cause why it should rather be named as it is. For if the Jew be the most important person individually, the Merchant is so dramatically. Thus it is the laws of art, not of individual delineation, that entitle Antonio to the pre-eminence, because, however inferior in himself, he is the centre and mainspring of the entire action: without him the Jew, great as he is in himself, had no business there; whereas the converse, if true at all, is by no means true in so great a degree.

Not indeed that the Merchant is a small matter in himself; far from it: he is every way a most interesting and attractive personage; insomuch that even Shylock away, still there were timber enough in him for a good dramatic hero. A peculiar interest attaches to him from the state of mind in which we first see him. He is deeply sad, not knowing wherefore: a dim, mysterious presage of evil weighs down his spirits, as though he felt afar off the coming on of some great calamity; yet this strange unwonted gloom, sweetened with his habitual gentleness and good-nature, has the effect of showing how dearly he is held by such whose friendship is the fairest earthly purchase of virtue. This boding, presentimental state of mind lends a certain charm to his character, affecting us something as an instance of second-sight, and coalescing with the mind's innate aptitude to the faith that

> "powers there are
> That touch each other to the quick—in modes
> Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
> No soul to dream of."

And it is very considerable that upon spirits such as he even the smiles of fortune often have a strangely saddening effect; for in proportion as they are worthy of them they naturally feel that they are far otherwise, and the sense of so vast a discrepancy between their havings and deservings is apt to fill them with an indefinable oppressive dread of some reverse wherein present discrepancies shall be fully made up. So that wealth seldom dispenses such warnings save to its most virtuous possessors. And such is Antonio: a kind-hearted, sweet-mannered man; of a large and liberal spirit; affable, generous, and magnificent in his dispositions; patient of trial, indulgent to folly, free where he loves, and frank where he hates; in prosperity modest, in adversity cheerful; craving wealth for the uses of virtue, and as the organs and sinews of friendship, so that the more he is worth, the more he seems worthy—his character is one which we never weary of contemplating. The only blemish we perceive in him is his treatment of Shylock: in this, though we cannot but see that it is much more the fault of the times than of the man, we are forced to side against him; than which it were not easy to allege a stronger case of poetical justice. Yet even this we blame rather as an abuse of himself than of Shylock, and think the less of it as wronging the latter, because, notwithstanding he has such provocations, he avowedly grounds his hate mainly on those very things which make the strongest title to a good man's love.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Antonio's Friends.

The friendship between Antonio and his companions is such a picture as Shakespeare evidently delighted to draw. And so noble a sentiment is not apt to inhabit

ignoble breasts. Bassanio, Gratiano, and Salarino are each admirable in their way, and give a charming variety to the scenes where they move. Bassanio, though something too lavish of purse, is a model of a gentleman; in whose character and behaviour all is order and propriety; with whom good manners are the proper outside and visibility of a fair mind, the natural foliage and drapery of inward refinement, and delicacy, and rectitude. Well-bred, he has that in him which, even had his breeding been ill, would have raised him above it, and made him a gentleman. Gratiano and Salarino are two as clever, sprightly, and voluble persons as any one need desire to be with, the chief difference between them being, that the former *lets* his tongue run on from good impulses, the other *makes* it do so for good ends. If not so wise as Bassanio, they are more witty, and as much surpass him in strength, as they fall short in beauty, of character. It is observable that of the two Gratiano is the more heedless and headstrong in thought and speech, with less subjection of the individual to the well-ordered forms of social decorum; so that, if he behave not quite so well as the others, he gives livelier proof that what good behaviour he has is his own; a growth from within, not an impression from without. It is rather remarkable that one so talkative and rattle-tongued should therewithal carry so much weight of meaning; and he often seems less sensible than he is, because of his trotting volubility. But he has no wish to be "reputed wise for saying nothing"; and he often makes a merit of talking nonsense when, as is often the case, nonsense is the best sort of sense; being willing to incur the charge of folly, provided he can thereby add to the health and entertainment of his friends.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Jessica and Nerissa.

It is observable that something of the intellectual brilliance of Portia is reflected on the other female characters of *The Merchant of Venice* so as to preserve in the midst of contrast a certain harmony and keeping. Thus Jessica, though properly kept subordinate, is certainly

> A most beautiful pagan—a most sweet Jew.

She cannot be called a sketch—or if a sketch, she is like one of those dashed off in glowing colours from the rainbow palette of a Rubens; she has a rich tinge of Orientalism shed over her, worthy of her Eastern origin. In another play, and in any other companionship than that of the matchless Portia, Jessica would make a very beautiful heroine of herself. Nothing can be more poetically, more classically fanciful and elegant than the scenes between her and Lorenzo—the celebrated moonlight dialogue, for instance, which we all have by heart. Every sentiment she utters interests us for her —more particularly her bashful self-reproach, when flying in the disguise of a page:—

> I am glad 'tis night, you do not look upon me,
> For I am much asham'd of my exchange;
> But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
> The pretty follies that themselves commit;
> For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
> To see me thus transformed to a boy.

And the enthusiastic and generous testimony to the superior graces and accomplishments of Portia comes with a peculiar grace from her lips:—

> Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
> And on the wager lay two earthly women,
> And Portia one, there must be something else
> Pawned with the other; for the poor rude world
> Hath not her fellow.

We should not, however, easily pardon her for cheating her father with so much indifference but for the perception that Shylock values his daughter far beneath his wealth:—

> I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear!—would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!

Nerissa is a good specimen of a common genus of characters: she is a clever confidential waiting-woman, who has caught a little of her lady's elegance and romance: she affects to be lively and sententious, falls in love, and makes her favour conditional on the fortune of the caskets, and, in short, mimics her mistress with good emphasis and discretion. Nerissa and the gay, talkative Gratiano are as well matched as the incomparable Portia and her magnificent and captivating lover.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

VII.

Dramatic Workmanship of the Play.

In the exhibition of Shakespeare as an Artist, it is natural to begin with the raw material which he worked up into finished masterpieces. For illustration of this no play could be more suitable than *The Merchant of Venice*, in which two tales, already familiar in the story form, have been woven together into a single plot: the Story of the Cruel Jew, who entered into a bond with his enemy of which the forfeit was to be a pound of this enemy's own flesh, and the Story of the Heiress and the Caskets. . . .

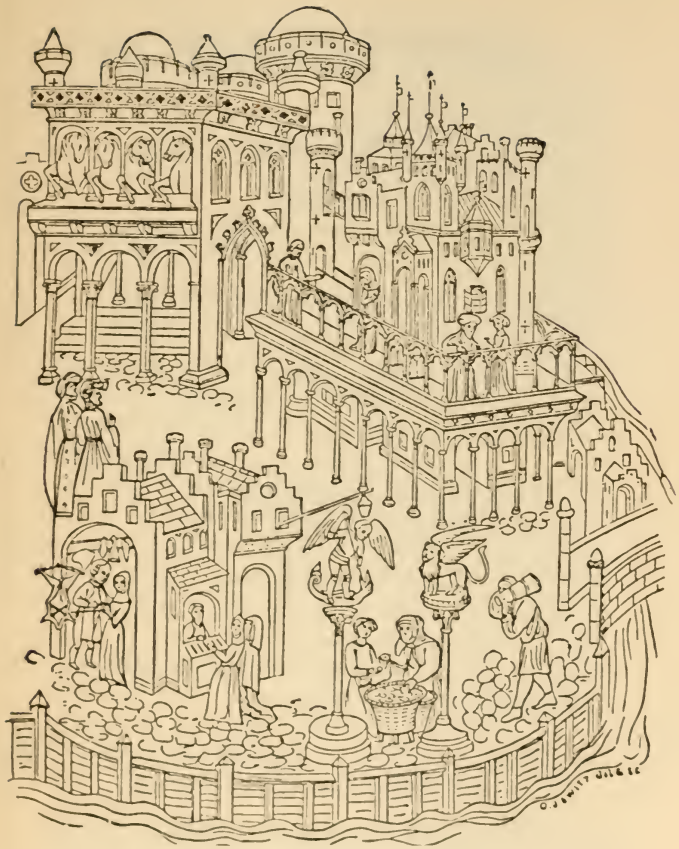
The avoidance or reduction of difficulties in a story is an obvious element in any kind of artistic handling; it is of special importance in Drama in proportion as we are more sensitive to improbabilities in what is supposed to take place before our eyes than in what we

merely hear of by narrative. This branch of art could not be better illustrated than in the Story of the Jew: never perhaps has an artist had to deal with materials so bristling with difficulties of the greatest magnitude, and never, it may be added, have they been met with greater ingenuity. The host of improbabilities gathering about such a detail as the pound of flesh must strike every mind. There is, however, preliminary to these, another difficulty of more general application: the difficulty of painting a character bad enough to be the hero of the story. It might be thought that to paint excess of badness is comparatively easy, as needing but a coarse brush. On the contrary, there are fewer severer tests of creative power than the treatment of monstrosity. To be told that there is villainy in the world and tacitly to accept the statement may be easy; it is another thing to be brought into close contact with the villains, to hear them converse, to watch their actions, and occasionally to be taken into their confidence. We realise in Drama through our sympathy and our experience: in real life we have not been accustomed to come across monsters and are unfamiliar with their behaviour; in proportion then as the badness of a character is exaggerated it is carried outside the sphere of our experience, the naturalness of the scene is interrupted and its human interest tends to decline. So, in the case of the story under consideration, the dramatist is confronted with this dilemma: he must make the character of Shylock absolutely bad, or the incident of the bond will appear unreal; he must not make the character extraordinarily bad, or there is danger of the whole scene appearing unreal. . . .

It is easy to see how the whole movement of the play rises naturally out of the union of the two stories. One of the main distinctions between the progress of events in real life or history and in Drama is that the movement of a drama falls into the form technically known as Complication and Resolution. A dramatist fastens

our attention upon some train of events: then he sets himself to divert this train of events from its natural course by some interruption; this interruption is either removed, and the train of events returns to its natural course, or the interruption is carried on to some tragic culmination. In *The Merchant of Venice* our interest is at the beginning fixed on Antonio as rich, high-placed, the protector and benefactor of his friends. By the events following upon the incident of the bond we see what would seem the natural life of Antonio diverted into a totally different channel; in the end the whole course is restored, and Antonio becomes prosperous as before. Such interruption of a train of incidents is its Complication, and the term Complication suggests a happy Resolution to follow. Complication and Resolution are essential to dramatic movement, as discords and their "resolution" into concords constitute the essence of music. The Complication and Resolution in the story of the Jew serve for the Complication and Resolution of the drama as a whole; and my immediate point is that these elements of movement in the one story spring directly out of its connection with the other. But for Bassanio's need of money and his blunder in applying to Shylock the bond would never have been entered into, and the change in Antonio's fortunes would never have come about: thus the cause for all the Complication of the play (technically, the Complicating Force) is the happy lover of the Caskets Story. Similarly Portia is the means by which Antonio's fortunes are restored to their natural flow: in other words, the source of the Resolution (or Resolving Force) is the maiden of the Caskets Story. The two leading personages of the one tale are the sources respectively of the Complication and Resolution in the other tale, which carry the Complication and Resolution of the drama as a whole. Thus simply does the movement of the whole play flow from the union of the two stories.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*



The earliest authentic representation of Venice known to exist.
From the *Romance of Alexander* in the Bodleian Library (XIVth Cent.).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *suitors to Portia.*
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
ANTONIO, *a merchant of Venice.*
BASSANIO, *his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.*
SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
GRATIANO, }
SALERIO, }
LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*
SHYLOCK, *a rich Jew.*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend.*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *the clown, servant to Shylock.*
OLD GOBBO, *father to Launcelot.*
LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio.*
BALTHASAR, } *servants to Portia.*
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*
NERISSA, *her waiting-maid.*
JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

The Merchant of Venice.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible
[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' stroud,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.

O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: thereforth go forth:
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were

good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can

shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, 'if you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show?

How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I 'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more

suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well: and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a

devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Venice. A public place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-

rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I 'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third,—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,

In the end of Autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum,
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys': you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low and in a bondsman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys'?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, i' faith: I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond;

And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit Shylock.*
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and others attending.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Hath loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;

Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

Scene II.

Venice. A street.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or, 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well';

'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well': to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his

father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, at the length, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master 's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo and other followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here 's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here 's a simple line of life: here 's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! a'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.
Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?
Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*
Gra. Signior Bassanio,—
Bass. Gratiano!
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen';
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. A room in Shylock's house.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.
Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.
Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,

I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The same. A street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.

Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Ay, marry, I 'll begone about it straight.
Salan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!
Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says the fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly

To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who 's within?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who 's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano; where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I 'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeared of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let 's see once more this saying graved in gold:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that 's the lady: all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I 'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Venice. A street.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!'

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry: and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'

What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,

Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here: what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?
Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think

they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,— O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That 's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy: let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what 's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you

tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salan., Salar. and Servant.*

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so:—and I know not what 's spent in the

search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is 't true, is 't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I 'll plague him: I 'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There 's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,

Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess,' and 'love,'
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!

O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here 's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,

And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. We 'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio, a Messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord;

And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*

Bass. Ere I ope this letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what 's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,

I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreaful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salar. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Venice. A street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I 'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I 'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not:
I 'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*
Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.

He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
Those griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,

Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth: for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarreling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk:
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer,
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe: but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended:
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what 's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.
[*Presenting a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,

No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*Reads*] Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and

Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia for Balthasar.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgement.

Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge! 250
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that? 260
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 270
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
And if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter:
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
[*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh':
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I 'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake;
[*To Ant.*
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you:
[*To Bass.*
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. There 's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, the ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandëment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring: and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.
[*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we 'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
[*Aside to Portia.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;

But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola! we ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.
[*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Lor. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, ' Love me, and leave me not.'

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God 's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it.
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,

I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I 'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;

I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I 'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so, let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio:
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter: read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I 'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories.
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I 'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abode, delay; II. vi. 21.
Abridged; "to be a.," *i.e.* "at being a."; I. i. 127.
Address'd me, prepared myself; II. ix. 19.
Advice, reflection; IV. ii. 6.
Advised, cautious, heedful; I. i. 143.
Advisedly, intentionally; V. i. 253.
Affection, feeling; II. viii. 48.
Approve, prove, confirm; III. ii. 79.
Argosies, merchant-ships (originally the large and richly freighted ships of *Ragusa*); I. i. 9.
Attempt, tempt; IV. i. 421.
Attended, attended to, marked; V. i. 103.

Baned, poisoned; IV. i. 46.
Bare, bare-headed; II. ix. 44.
Bated, reduced; III. iii. 32.
Beholding, beholden; I. iii. 105.
Best-regarded, best-looking, handsomest; II. i. 10.
Blent, blended; III. ii. 182.
Blest, used with a superlative force, and perhaps a contracted form of "blessed'st"; II. i. 46.
Bonnet, head-gear; I. ii. 85.
Bottom, hold of a vessel; I. i. 42.
Break up, break open; II. iv. 10.
Breathing, verbal; V. i. 141.
Burial, burial-place; I. i. 29.
By, at hand, near by; IV. i. 257.

Cater-cousins, remote relations, good friends; "are scarce c.," *i.e.* "are not great friends"; II. ii. 134.
Cerecloth (Quarto 1, serecloth; Folios 1, 2, seare-cloath), a cloth dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud; II. vii. 51.
Ceremony, sacred object; V. i. 206.
Charge; "on your charge," at your expense; IV. i. 257.
Cheer, countenance; III. ii. 313.
Childhood; "c. proof" (used adjectively); I. i. 145.
Choose, "let it alone!" I. ii. 50.
Circumstance, circumlocution; I. i. 155.
Civil doctor, doctor of civil law; V. i. 210.
Civility, civilisation; II. ii. 200.
Close, secret; II. vi. 47.
Commends, commendations; II. ix. 90.
Complexion, nature; III. i. 32.

Compromised (Folio 1. compremyz'd; Quartos 1, 2, compremyzd; Folios 2, 3, comprimyz'd), come to a mutual agreement; I. iii. 78.
Confound, destroy; III. ii. 277.
Confusions; Launcelot's blunder for "conclusions"; II. ii. 38.
Constant, self-possessed; III. ii. 248.
Contain, retain: V. i. 201.
Continent, that which contains anything; III. ii. 130.
Contrary, wrong; I. ii. 101.
Contrive, conspire; IV. i. 352.
Cope, requite: IV. i. 412.
Counterfeit, likeness; III. ii. 115.
County, count; I. ii. 48.
Cousin, kinsman; III. iv. 50.
Cover, wear hats; II. ix. 44.
Curelcss (the reading of the Quartos; the Folios read "endless"), beyond cure; IV. i. 142.

Danger, absolute power (to harm); IV. i. 180.
Death = death's head; II. vii. 63.
Death's head with a bone in his mouth; I. ii. 55; *cp.* the accompanying seal to a deed of conveyance dated 1613.



Deface, cancel, destroy; III. ii. 300.
Difference, dispute; IV. i. 171.
Disabled, crippled; I. i. 124.
Disabling, undervaluing; II. vii. 30.
Discover, reveal; II. vii. 1.
Doit, a small coin; I. iii. 140.
Drive, commute; IV. i. 372.
Ducats; the value of the Venetian silver ducat (see cut) was about that of the American dollar; I. iii. 1.



From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt.

Eanlings, lambs just born; I. iii. 79.
Entertain, maintain; I. i. 90.
Equal, equivalent; I. iii. 149.
Estate, state; III. ii. 237.
Excess, interest; I. iii. 62.
Excrement, hair; "valour's ex.." *i.e.* "a brave man's beard"; III. ii. 87.
Eye; "within the eye of honour"; *i.e.* "within the sigh' of h."; "within the scope of honour's vision"; I. i. 138.

Fairness, beauty; III. ii. 94.
Faithless, unbelieving; II. iv. 37.
Fall, let fall; I. iii. 88.
Falls, falls out; III. ii. 203.

Fancy, love; III. ii. 63, 68.
Fear'd, frightened; II. i. 9.
Fearful, filling one with fear; I. iii. 175.
Fife; "wry-necked f.," a small flute, called *flute à bec,* the upper part or mouthpiece resembling the beak of a bird, hence the epithet "wry-necked"; according to others "fife" here means the musician, *cp.* "A fife is a wry-neckt musician, for he always looks away from his instrument" (Barnaby Riche's *Aphorisms,* 1016); II. v. 30.



From a sculpture upon a XIIIth Cent. building at Rheims.

Fill-horse (Quarto 2 and Folios 'pil-horse'; Theobald, 'thill-horse'), shaft-horse; II. ii. 96.
Find forth, find out, seek; I. i. 144.
Flood, waters, seas; I. i. 10; IV. i. 72.
Fond, foolish; II. ix. 27.
Foot, spurn with the foot; I. iii. 118.
Foot, path; II. iv. 35.
Footing, footfall; V. i. 24.
For, of; III. iv. 10.
Fraught, freighted; II. viii. 30.
Fretten, fretted; IV. i. 77.
Fulsome, rank; I. iii. 86.

Gaberdine, a large loose cloak of coarse stuff; I. iii. 113.
Gaged, pledged; I. i. 131.
Gaping pig, a roast pig with a lemon in its mouth; IV. i. 47.
Garnish, apparel; II. vi. 45.
Gear; "for this g.," *i.e.* for this matter, business; "a colloquial expression perhaps of no very determinate import"; I. i. 110; II. ii. 171.
Gelt, mutilated; V. i. 144.
Gratify, reward; IV. i. 406.
Gross; "to term in gross," to sum up; III. ii. 159.
Guard, guardianship; I. iii. 175.
Guarded, ornamented; II. ii. 159.
Guiled, full of guile, treacherous; III. ii. 97.

Habit, behaviour; II. ii. 195.
Heavens; "for the heavens," for heaven's sake; II. ii. 12.
Heaviness, sadness; "his embraced h.": the sadness which he hugs; II. viii. 52.
High-day, holiday, high-flown, extravagant; II. ix. 98.
Hip; "catch upon the h."; a term taken from wrestling, meaning "to have an advantage over"; I. iii. 46.
Hood, "Hood-mine eyes thus with my hat"; II. ii. 198.



From the MS. (*temp.* Elizabeth) Sloane 3794.

Hovel-post, the support of the roof of an out-house; II. ii. 69.
Husbandry, government, stewardship; III. iv. 25.

Imagined, all imaginable; III. iv. 52.
Imposition, an imposed task; III. iv. 33; a binding arrangement; I. ii. 111.
Incarnal; Launcelot's blunder for "incarnate"; II. ii. 29.
Inexecrable, beyond execration (perhaps a misprint for "inexorable," the reading of the third and fourth Folios); IV. i. 128.
Insculp'd, carved in relief; II. vii. 57.

Jacks, used as a term of contempt; III. iv. 77.
Jump with, agree with; II. ix. 32.

Kept, lived; III. iii. 19.
Knapped, broke into small pieces (or "nibbled"); III. i. 10 (see Notes).

Level, aim; I. ii. 41.
Liberal, free; II. ii. 190.
Lichas, the servant of Deianira, who brought Hercules the poisoned robe (*cp.* Ovid, *Met.* ix. 155); II. i. 32.
Livings, estates; III. ii. 157.
Low, humble; I. iii. 43.

Manage, management; III. iv. 25.
Melancholy bait, bait of melancholy; I. i. 101.
Mere, certain, unqualified; III. ii. 263.
Mind; "have in mind," bear in mind; I. i. 71.
Mind of love, loving mind; II. viii. 42.
Moe, more; I. i. 108.
Mutual, general, common; V. i. 77.

Narrow seas, English channel; III. i. 4.
Naughty, wicked; III. ii. 18.
Nazarite, Nazarene; I. iii. 34.
Neat, ox; I. i. 112.
Nestor, the oldest of heroes, taken as the type of gravity; I. i. 56.
Nominated, stated; I. iii. 149.
Now . . . now, one moment . . . at the next; I. i. 35-6.

Obliged, pledged; II. vi. 7.

Occasion; "quarrelling with o.," *i.e.* "*at* odds with the matter in question, turning it into ridicule without reason"; III. v. 60.
O'er-look'd, bewitched; III. ii. 15.
Of, on; II. ii. 99; with, II. iv. 23.
Offends't, vexest; IV. i. 140.
Old (used intensitively), abundant, great; IV. ii. 15.
Opinion of, reputation for; I. i. 91.
Ostent, demeanour;; II. ii. 201.
Other, others; I. i. 54.
Out-dwells, out-stays; II. vi. 3.
Out of doubt, without doubt; I. i. 21; I. i. 156.
Over-name, run their names over; I. ii. 39.
Over-weather'd, weather-beaten; II. vi. 18.

Pageants, shows; I. i. 11.
Pain, pains; II. ii. 190.
Parts, duties, functions; IV. i. 92.
Passion, outcry; II. viii. 12.
Patch, fool, simpleton, jester; II. v. 46.
Patines; the "patine" is the plate used in the Eucharist; "*patines of bright gold*" seems to mean "the orbs of heaven," *i.e.* either (1) the planets, or (2) the stars; possibly, however, the reference is to "the broken clouds, like flaky disks of curdled gold which slowly drift across the heavens"; V. i. 59.
Peize, to weigh, keep in suspense, delay; III. ii. 22.
Pent-house, a porch with a sloping roof; II. vi. 1.
Pied, spotted; I. iii. 79.
Port, importance; III. ii. 282.
Possess'd, acquainted, informed; I. iii. 64.
Post, "with his horn full of good news," postman; V. i. 47.



From a tract entitled *A Speedy Post, with a Packet of Letters and Compliments,* n. d.

Posy, a motto inscribed on the inner side of a ring; V. i. 148.



From a Specimen found at Arreton, Isle of Wight.

Power, authority; IV. i. 104.
Preferr'd, recommended; II. ii. 150.
Presently, immediately; I. i. 184.
Prest, prepared; I. i. 161.

Prevented, anticipated; I. i. 61.
Proper, handsome; I. ii. 76.
Publican, an allusion perhaps to the parable of the Pharisee and the publican (St. Luke xviii. 10-14); I. iii. 41.

Quaintly, gracefully; II. iv. 6.
Question, are disputing, arguing; IV. i. 70.
Quit, remit; IV. i. 381.

Raised, roused; II. viii. 4.
Reason'd, had a conversation; II. viii. 27.
Regreets, greetings; II. ix. 89.
Remorse, compassion; IV. i. 20.
Repent, regret; IV. i. 278, 279.
Reproach; Launcelot's blunder for "approach"; II. v. 20.
Respect, proper attention (or perhaps "respect to circumstances"); V. i. 99.
Respect upon; "you have too much r. u.," *i.e.* "you look too much upon"; I. i. 74.
Respective, mindful; V. i. 156.
Rest; "set up my rest," made up my mind (a phrase probably derived from the game of Primero; *resto* meant to bet or wager, which appears to have been made by the players only); II. ii. 105.
Rialto; "The Rialto, which is at the farthest side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark's, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and merchants do meet twice a day. This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with brick as the palaces are, adorned with many fair walks or open galleries, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London."—Coryat's *Crudities* (1611).
Rib, enclose; II. vii. 51.
Ripe, urgent; I. iii. 63.
Riping, ripening; II. viii. 40.
Road, port, harbour; V. i. 288.

Sad, grave; II. ii. 201.
Sand-blind, half-blind; II. ii. 37.
Scant, moderate; III. ii. 112.
Scanted, restrained, limited; II. i. 17.
Scarfed, decorated, beflagged; II. vi. 15.
Scrubbed, small, ill-favoured, scrubby; V. i. 162.
Self, self-same; I. i. 149.
Sense; "in all sense," with good reason; V. i. 136.
Sensible, evident to the senses, substantial, II. ix. 89; sensitive, II. viii. 48.
Should, would; I. ii. 98, 99.
Shows, outward appearance; II. vii. 20.
Shrewd, bad, evil; III. ii. 244.
Shrive me, be my father-confessor; I. ii. 140.
Sibylla; a reference probably to the Cumæan Sibyl, who obtained from Apollo a prom-

ise that her years should be as many as the grains of sand she was holding in her hand (*cp* Ovid. *Met.* xv.); I. ii. 13.

Single; "your single bond," probably "a bond with your own signature, without the names of sureties"; I. iii. 145.

Slubber, "to slur over"; II. viii. 39.

Smug, neat; III. i. 47.

So, provided that; III. ii. 196.

Sola, sola; "Launcelot is imitating the horn of the courier or post"; V. i. 39.

Something, somewhat; I. i. 125.

Sonties; "by God's s.," *i.e.* "by God's dear saints"; sonties = "saunties" a diminutive form; II. ii. 46.

Soon at, about; II. iii. 5.

Sore, sorely; V. i. 307.

Sort, dispose; V. i. 132.

Sort, lottery; I. ii. 110.

Spend, waste; I. i. 154.

Squandered, scattered; I. iii. 21.

Stead, help; I. iii. 7.

Still, continually; I. i. 17; I. i. 137.

Straight, straightway; II. ix. 1.

Strange; "exceeding strange," quite strangers; I. i. 67.

Strond, strand; I. i. 172.

Substance, (?) weight; IV. i. 328.

Suited, apparelled; I. ii. 78.

Supposed, spurious, false; III. ii. 94.

Supposition, the subject of conjecture; I. iii. 16.

Table (see Notes); II. ii. 162.

Think, bethink; IV. i. 70.

Thrift, success, good fortune; I. i. 176; profits; I. iii. 50.

Time, "springtime of life, youth, manhood"; I. i. 130.

Torch-bearer; II. iv. 5 (*cp.* the following illustration).



From "La tryumphante...entree faicte sur le . . . advenement de . . . prince. Charles des Hespaignes (*i.e.* Emperor Charles V.) . . . en sa ville de Bruges" (1515).

Traject (so the Quartos and Folios), probably an error for Fr. *traject* (It. *traghetto*), "a ferrie" (so glossed by Cotgrave); it is, however noteworthy that in Italian *tranare* means to draw or drag. "Twenty miles from Padua, on the River Brenta, there is a dam or sluice to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marshes of Venice. Here the passage-boat is drawn out of the river, and

lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice this distance is five miles. Perhaps some novel-writer of Shakespeare's time might have called this dam by the name of 'tranect'" (Malone); III. iv. 53.

Tricksy, tricky; III. v. 74.

Tripolis, Tripoli, the most eastern of the Barbary States, the market between Europe and Central Africa; I. iii. 17.

Trust, credit; I. i. 186.

Tucket, flourish on a trumpet; V. i. 121.

Undervalued, inferior; I. i. 166.

Unfurnish'd, unmatched with the other, destitute of its fellow; III. ii. 126.

Untread, retrace; II. vi. 10.

Usance, usury, interest; I. iii. 45.

Use; "in use," *i.e.* (probably) "in trust" (*i.e.* in trust for Shylock during his life, for the purpose of securing it at his death to Lorenzo); IV. i. 383.

Vailing, bending; I. i. 28.

Varnish'd, painted; II. v. 33.

Vasty, vast; II. vii. 41.

Very, true, real; III. ii. 224.

Virtue, efficacy; V. i. 199.

Waft, wafted; V. i. 11.

Wealth, welfare; V. i. 249.

Weather, storms; II. ix. 29.

Where, whereas; IV. i. 22.

While, time; II. i. 31.

Wilful stillness, dogged silence; 90.

Younker, young man, youth; II. vi. 14.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

THE name '*Shylock*' may have been derived by Shakespeare from a pamphlet called '*Caleb Shillocke his prophecie, or the Jewes Prediction*'; the Pepysian ballad on this subject belongs to the year 1607; to the same year belongs a prose piece printed at the end of a rare tract called '*A Jewes Prophecie, or Newes from Rome of two mighty armies, etc.*' Its ultimate origin is unknown; it may have been an Italian name *Scialocca*. According to Hunter, *Scialac* was the name of a Maronite of Mount Libanus, who was living in 1614. It has recently been maintained, with some probability, that the name was perhaps suggested by "*Shelah*" in the genealogical lists given in *Genesis*, chapter xi.; (*cp.* Tubal, Jessica, evidently chosen because of their Biblical associations).

I. i. 27. '*dock'd*'; Rowe's emendation for 'docks,' the reading of the Quartos and Folios.

I. i. 113. '*Is that any thing new?*' The old editions read '*Is that any thing now*'; changed to '*new*' by Johnson. Rowe first suggested the interrogation.

I. ii. 82. "*the Scottish lord*'; in the first Folio 'Scottish' is changed to 'other.'

I. ii. 87. 'Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather, constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English' (Warburton).

I. ii. 132. '*The four strangers*'; allusion has been made to six strangers. An interesting oversight on the Poet's part.

I. iii. 64. '*Is he yet possess'd How much ye would,*' so read the second and third Quartos; the Folios read '*he would*'; the first Quarto, '*are you resolv'd how much he would have*'; this is one of the important points in which the second Quarto is superior to the first.

I. iii. 71. *Cp.* Genesis xxx.

I. iii. 74. '*the third,*' *i.e.* 'reckoning Abraham himself as the first.'

I. iii. 134. '*A breed for barren metal,*' the reading of the Quartos; Folios, '*a breed of*'; '*for*' must be equivalent to 'in exchange for'; '*breed*' = 'interest money bred from the principal' (*cp.* Gr. τοκος).

II. i. The old stage direction ran as follows:—'*Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers, accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa and their traine.*'

II. i. 25. '*the Sophy,*' *cp.* "*Sofi*, and *Sofito*, an ancient word signifying a wise man, learned and skillful in Magike Naturale. It is grown to be the common name of the Emperour of Persia" (Abraham Tartwell's translation of Minadoi's *History of the Wars between the Turks and the Persians*).

The 'Sefi of Persia' is mentioned in the German play *Der Jude von Venedig*.

II. i. 35. '*page*'; Theobald's emendation for 'rage,' the reading of all the old editions.

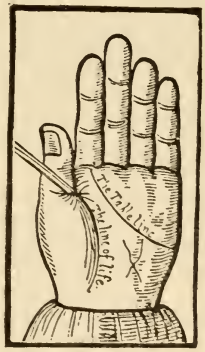
II. ii. 1. '*will serve me*'; Halliwell, 'the particle *not* . . . seems essential to the sense of what follows.'

II. ii. 93. Gobbo's '*you*,' as a mark of respect, changes to '*thou*,' after the recognition.

II. ii. 162-4. According to Staunton, the *table line*, or *line of*



Table.
From a XVth Cent. MS. in the possession of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.



Line of Life.
From Dr. Trotter's *Fortune Book*, 1708.

fortune, is the line running from the forefinger, below the other three fingers, to the side of the hand. The *natural line* is the line

which curves in a different direction, through the middle of the palm; and the *line of life* is the circular line surrounding the ball of the thumb. The space between the two former lines is technically known as *the table*. "Long and deep lines from the Mount of Venus (the ball of the thumb) towards the line of life, signifieth so many wives. . . . These lines visible and deep, so many wives the party shall have" (Saunder's *Chiromancie*, quoted by Halliwell).

II. iii. 12. '*did*'; the Quartos and first Folio read '*doe*'; the reading '*did*' was given in the second Folio; if this is adopted, '*get*' = 'beget.'

II. v. 25. '*Black-Monday*,' *i.e.* Easter Monday, so called, because of a storm which occurred on April 14, 1360, being Easter Monday, when Edward III. was lying with his army before Paris, and when many of his men-at-arms died of cold (Stowe).

II. v. 36. '*Jacob's staff*'; *cp.* Gen. xxxii. 10, and Heb. xi. 21. '*A Jacob's staff*' was generally used in the sense of 'a pilgrim's staff,' because St. James (or Jacob) was the patron saint of pilgrims.

II. v. 43. "*a Jewess' eye*"; the Quartos and Folios read '*a Jewes eye*,' probably pronounced '*Jewês*': 'worth a Jew's eye' was a proverbial phrase: 'that worth was the price which the Jews paid for immunity from mutilation and death.' The reading '*Jewess*' seems very doubtful.

II. vi. 51. '*by my hood*': this phrase is found nowhere else in Shakespeare; according to Malone, Gratiano is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or hood was affixed.

II. vii. 41. '*The Hyrcanian deserts*': Shakespeare three times mentions the tigers of Hyrcania, 'the name given to a district of indefinite extent south of the Caspian,' where, according to Pliny, tigers were bred.

II. vii. 53. '*undervalued*': "in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, gold was to silver in the proportion of 11 to 1; in the forty-third year of her reign it was in the proportion of 10 to 1" (Clarendon).

II. vii. 69. '*tombs do*'; Johnson's emendation for the old reading '*timber do*.'

II. vii. 75. Halliwell notes that this line is a paraphrastical inversion of the common old proverb: 'Farewell, frost,' which was used in the absence or departure of anything that was unwelcome or displeasing.

III. i. 10. *'knapped ginger'*; perhaps *'to knap ginger'* is to 'nibble ginger'; old women were fond of this condiment: Cotgrave invariably gives *'knap'* as a synonym of *'gnaw'* or *'nibble.'*

III. i. 71. *'humility,'* rightly explained by Schmidt as 'kindness, benevolence, humanity.'

III. i. 122. The special value of the 'turquoise' was its supposed virtue in indicating the health of the wearer: it was said to brighten or fade as its wearer was well or ill, and to give warning of approaching danger.

III. ii 54. *'more love'*; because Hercules rescued Hesione not for love of the lady, but for the sake of the horses promised him by Laomedon.

III. ii. 99. *'Veiling an Indian beauty'*; it has been pointed out that Montaigne in his Essay on 'Beauty' says: "The Indians describe it black and swarthy, with blabbered thick lips, with a broad and flat nose." If Shakespeare gives us a reminiscence of this, he must have read Montaigne in French, as Florio's translation was not published until 1603.

III. ii. 102. *'Hard food for Midas,'* who prayed that everything he touched might turn to gold, and soon regretted his prayer.

III. ii. 106. *'paleness'*; as Bassanio uses 'pale' of silver a few lines before, Theobald, on Warburton's suggestion, proposed to read *'plainness'*; but *'pale'* is a regular epithet of lead, and there seems no reason for changing the reading here.

III. ii. 112. *'rain,'* so Folios 1, 2 and Quarto 2: the reading of the third and fourth Quartos *'rein'* is generally preferred; Quarto 1 *'range.'*

III. iv. 63. *'accoutred,'* so Folios and later Quartos; Quarto 1 *'apparreld,'* in some respects the preferable reading.

III. v. 79, 80. *'And if on earth he do not mean it, then In reasons'*; the second Quarto *'it, it'*; the Folios *'it, it is.'*

Various emendations have been suggested for *'mean,'* but no change is necessary, though no satisfactory explanation has hitherto been advanced. I am inclined to think that, with Prof. Skeat's kind assistance, the difficulty may be now removed; *'mean it'* = *mean*, like 'foot it,' 'trip it'; and *mean* = moan (*cp. Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. i. 330). The sense of the line is clearly, if he don't cry now, he can't expect to sing hereafter.

IV. i. 36. *'our holy Sabbath'*; so the first Quarto; the second reads *'Sabaoth'*; it is just possible that Shakespeare might have been misled by the expression, 'Lord God of Sabaoth,' which occurs in the New Testament. 'Sabbath' and 'Sabaoth' (*i.e.*

'hosts,' in the phrase 'Lord of hosts') were confused even by Sir Walter Scott, when in *Ivanhoe*, ch. x., he refers to "the gains of a week, aye the space between two Sabaoths." Similarly Spenser (F. Q. vii.2)—

> *'But thenceforth all shall rest eternally*
> *With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight.'*

Dr. Johnson treated the two words as identical in the first edition of his Dictionary.

IV. i. 49. '*the bagpipe sings i' the nose.*' See illustrations to *l.* 56.

IV. i. 50. '*affection, Mistress of passion*'; the Quartos and Folios read '*affection, Masters of passion.*' The reading now generally adopted was first suggested by Thirlby; '*Maistres*' or '*mastres,*' the old spelling of '*mistress,*' evidently produced the error. 'Affection,' when contrasted with 'passion,' seems to denote 'emotions produced through the senses by external objects.'

IV. i. 56. '*a woollen bagpipe*'; the reading of all the old editions; 'wawling,' 'swollen,' 'bollen,' have been variously sug-



A bagpiper of XIVth Cent.
From an illumination in the Luterell Psalter.



A bagpiper of XVIIth Cent.
From a black-letter ballad.

gested; '*woollen*' probably refers to the covering of the wind-bag.

IV. i. 184. *Cp.* 'Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought.' *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxv. 20.

IV. i. 255. *'Are there balance'*; *'balance'* was frequently treated as a plural by Elizabethan writers, though this is the only instance in Shakespeare.

IV. i. 451. *'commandement,'* so Quartos and Folios: clearly to be pronounced as quadrisyllable, Cambridge edition *'commandment.'*

V. i. 4. *'Troilus'*; the image is from Chauncer's *Troilus and Cresseide*; "Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke" (Bk. v. 666).

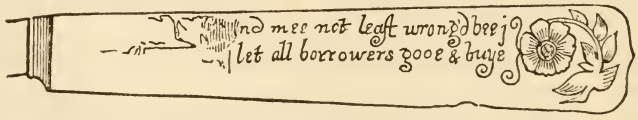
V. i. 7-14. *Thisbe,* etc.; Hunter (*New Illustrations,* I. 309) ingeniously suggests that the old Folio of Chaucer was lying open before Shakespeare when he wrote this dialogue, and that there he found Thisbe, Dido, and Medea, as well as Troilus. It is certainly striking that Thisbe, Dido, and Medea follow each other in the *'Legend of Good Women.'* Shakespeare has seemingly transferred to Dido what he found in Chaucer's *Legend* concerning Ariadne (*'And to the stronde barefote faste she went'* —*'And turne agayne, and on the stronde hire fynde'*). Chaucer's *Medea* directed Shakespeare's mind to Ovid, *Metam.* vii.

V. i. 15. *'Jessica'*; Medea, who stole away from her father, Æetes, with the golden fleece, suggests Jessica's own story to Lorenzo.

V. i. 61, etc. "The corresponding passage in Plato is in his tenth book *De Republica*, where he speaks of the harmony of the Spheres, and represents a syren sitting on each of the eight orbs, and singing to each in its proper tone, while they are thus guided through the heavens, and consent in a diapason of perfect harmony, the Fates themselves chanting to this celestial music" (Du Bois, *The Wreath,* p. 60. quoted by Furness). The Platonic doctrine is, however, blended with reminiscences of Job xxxviii. 7, "The morning stars sang together."

V. i. 65. *'close it in'*; Quarto 1 and Folios read *'in it,'* which some editors have taken as equivalent to *'close-in it.'*

V. i. 149. *'Like cutler's poetry Upon a knife.'* *Cp.* accompanying illustration.



From an inscribed knife of the XVIIth Cent. Discovered at Norwich.

V. i. 193. A similar repetition of the word '*love*' at the end of ten consecutive lines is found in '*The Fayre Mayde of the Exchange*' (1607); *cp. Edward III.*, Act II. Sc. i., where '*the sun*' ends eight consecutive lines.



'*Two-headed Janus.*' (I. i. 50.)
From an antique engraved in Montfaucon.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Enter Antonio, etc.*] In the old copies there is much confusion in the printing of these names, especially in this first Scene; and as no list of the persons is there given, we are not a little puzzled how to put them. In the Folio the first stage direction is, *Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.* In the dialogue, however, the abbreviation for *Salanio* presently becomes *Sola.,* which is soon changed to *Sol.,* and then comes the stage direction, *Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.* And the names are spelt the same way in several other stage directions; and after the first Scene the abbreviated prefixes to the speeches uniformly are *Sal.* and *Sol.* So that some editors hold that there is abundant authority for reading *Solanio* instead of Salanio, as it is in most modern editions. As to the distribution of the first few speeches, we have to go partly by conjecture, the names being so perplexed as to afford no sure guidance. The last two speeches before the entrance of Bassanio, which are usually assigned to *Salanio,* several editors transfer to *Salarino,* not only because he is the more lively and talkative person, but as according best with the general course of the dialogue and with his avowed wish to make Antonio merry, and especially because the Quartos favor that arrangement.

9. *Argosies* are large ships either for merchandise or for war. The name was probably derived from the classical ship Argo, which carried Jason and the Argonauts in quest of the golden

fleece. Readers of Milton will of course remember the passage describing Satan's voyage through chaos:—

"Harder beset
And more endanger'd than when *Argo* pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks."

28. To *vail* is to *lower*, to *let fall*. The Venetian merchants, it would seem, were much used to name their ships for Andrea Doria, the great Genoese admiral.

97. *when, I am very sure*:—All the old copies read *when* here; and as in such cases the Poet often leaves the subject of a verb understood, the changing of *when* into *who*, though common, is hardly admissible. The following lines apparently refer to the judgement pronounced in the Gospel against him who "says to his brother, Thou fool." The meaning, therefore, is, that if those who "only are reputed wise for saying nothing" should go to talking, they would be apt to damn their hearers, by provoking them to utter this foul reproach.

102. *Fool gudgeon* appears to mean such a fish as any fool might catch, or none but fools would care to catch. *Gudgeon* was the name of a small fish very easily caught.

110. *Gear*, from the Anglo-Saxon *gearwe*, and originally meaning any thing *prepared* or made ready, was formerly used for any matter or business in hand. Thus, in an old ballad, entitled *The Merry Puck, or Robin Goodfellow*:—

"Now Robin Goodfellow, being plac'd with a tailor, as you heare,
He grew a workman in short space, so well he ply'd his *geare*."

161. *Prest*, meaning *prompt, ready*, is from an old French word. Thus in *The Faerie Queene*, iv. 8. 41:—

"Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was *prest*,
With dreadful weapon aymed at his head."

Scene II.

8, 9. *Superfluity*, that is, one who has riches and indulges in high living, sooner *acquires* white hairs, becomes old. We still say, how did he *come by* it?

43. *a colt*:—A play on *colt*, also used for a wild young fellow: whence the phrase used for an old man too juvenile, that he still

retains his *colt's tooth*. The Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship.

48. *County Palatine*:—This may be an allusion to the *Count* Albertus Alasco, a Polish Palatine, who was in London in 1583.

52. *the weeping philosopher*:—Heraclitus of Ephesus, so called in contrast to Democritus, "the laughing philosopher."

72 *et seq.* "A satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in Shakespeare's time." So says Warburton; whereupon Knight justly remarks that "authors are not much in the habit of satirizing themselves; and yet, according to Farmer and his school, Shakespeare knew 'neither Latin, French, nor Italian.'"

89, 90. The Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made a Knight of the Garter, in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps, in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.

139. *condition*:—*Temper, disposition.* So in *Othello*: "And then of so gentle a *condition*!" Likewise, in Tyndale's Works: "Let every man have his wyfe, and thinke her the fayrest and the best *conditioned*, and every woman her husband so too."

Scene III.

21. *Squandered* is not to be taken in a bad sense here; it means simply *scattered, dispersed.* Thus, in Howell's *Letters*: "The Duke of Savoy, though he pass for one of the princes of Italy, yet the least part of his territories lie there, being *squander'd* up and down amongst the Alps." And, again, he speaks of the Jews as a people "*squander'd* all the earth over."

45. *usance*:—"It is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common. For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gages of ordinary for fifteen in the hundred by the yeare; and if at the year's end the gage be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at least done away to a great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jews are out of measure wealthy in those parts."—Thomas's *History of Italy*, 1561.

51. *Which he calls interest*:—*Usance, usury*, and *interest* were all terms of precisely the same import in Shakespeare's time; there being then no such law or custom whereby *usury* has since come to mean the taking of interest above a certain rate. How the taking of interest, at whatsoever rate, was commonly esteemed,

is shown in Lord Bacon's essay *Of Usury*, where he mentions the popular arguments against it: "That the usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday; that the usurer breaketh the first law that was made for mankind after the fall, which was, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'; that *usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize*; that it is against nature for money to beget money, and the like." The words in Italic show that usury was regarded as a badge of Judaism.

85. *the deed of kind*:—*Kind* in Shakespeare's time was often used for *nature*. Thus in Fairfax's *Tasso*, xiv. 42, 48:—

> "But of all herbs, of every spring and well,
> The hidden power I know and virtue great,
> And all that *kind* hath hid from mortal sight."
>
>
>
> "And fair adorn'd was every part
> With riches grown by *kind*, not fram'd by art."

107. In this Scene we have already had "*on* the Rialto," and "*upon* the Rialto." Concerning the place meant Rogers thus speaks in one of the notes to his poem on Italy: "Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called, and the Venetians say *il ponte di Rialto*, as we say Westminster bridge. In that island is the exchange; and I have often walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none. It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it when he says:—

> 'Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me.'"

Mr. Knight says the "name is derived from *riva alta*, high shore, and its being larger, and somewhat more elevated than the others, accounts for its being first inhabited. The most ancient church of the city is there, and there were erected the buildings for the magistracy and commerce of the infant settlement."

175. *Fearful guard* is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrors.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

6. *let us make incision,* etc.:—To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage. Thus Macbeth calls his frightened servant a *lily liver'd* boy; again, in this play, cowards are said to have *livers white as milk*; and an effeminate man is termed a *milksop*.

Scene II.

12. *for the heavens*:—A petty oath. To make the fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for *heaven's* sake, is a specimen of that "acute nonsense" which Barrow makes one of the species of wit, and which Shakespeare was sometimes very fond of.

57. *Your worship's friend, and Launcelot*:—So in *Love's Labour's Lost,* Costard says: "Your servant and Costard." It appears that old Gobbo himself was named Launcelot: hence in the next speech Launcelot junior beseeches him to talk of *young* Master Launcelot. The sense here is commonly defeated by making the speech interrogative. The reader will of course see that Launcelot senior scruples to give his son the title of Master.

105. *I have set up my rest*:—That is, determined. In *Romeo and Juliet,* IV. v., Shakespeare has again quibbled upon *rest.* "The County Paris hath *set up his rest,* that you shall *rest* but little."

112, 113. *run as far,* etc.:—To understand the appropriateness of these words, we must remember that in Venice it was not easy to find ground enough to run upon.

139. *a dish of doves*:—There has been no little speculation among the later critics whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy. C. A. Brown argues strongly that he did, and refers to this passage among others in proof of it. His argument runs thus: "Where did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the

father of a servant." To the same purpose this ingenious writer quotes other passages, as inferring such a knowledge of the country as could hardly have been gained from books. Of course it does not follow but that the Poet may have gained it by conversing with other travellers; and it is well known that Kemp, a fellow actor, visited Italy.

161. *et seq. Well, if any man,* etc.:—Mr. Tyrwhitt thus explains this passage: "Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called the *table,* breaks out into the following reflection: 'Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table! which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune'—that is, a *table* which doth *not only* promise *but* offer to swear upon a book *that* I shall have good fortune. He omits the conclusion of the sentence." Launcelot was an adept in the art of chiromancy, which in his time had its learned professors and practitioners no less than astrology. Relics of this superstition have floated down to our day, and it is not uncommon to see people trying to study out their fortune from the palms of their hands. Launcelot Gobbo, however, was more highly favoured than they; in 1558 was put forth a book by John Indagine, entitled *Brief Introductions, both natural, pleasant, and also delectable, unto the Art of Chiromancy, or manual divination, and Physiognomy: with circumstances upon the faces of the Signes.* "A simple line of life" written in the palm was cause of exultation to wiser ones than young Gobbo. His huge complacency, as he spells out his fortune, is in laughable keeping with his general skill at finding causes to think well of himself.

198, 199. *hood mine eyes,* etc.:—It was the custom to wear the hat during the time of dinner.

Scene V.

24, 25. *it was not for nothing,* etc.:—*Bleeding at the nose* was anciently considered ominous.

30. There has been some dispute whether *wry-neck'd fife* mean the instrument or the musician. Boswell cited a passage from Barnabe Rich's *Aphorisms,* 1618, which appears to settle the matter: "*A fife* is a *wry-neckt musician,* for he always looks away from his instrument."

Scene VI.

5. Johnson thought that lovers, who are sometimes called *turtles* or *doves* in poetry, were meant by Venus's *pigeons*. The allusion, however, seems to be to the *doves* by which Venus's chariot was drawn.

51. A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *heathen* and *one well born*.

Scene VII.

56, 57. *an angel insculp'd upon*:—This is the angel referred to by Falstaff in his interview with the Chief Justice: "Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light." It appears to have been the national coin in Shakespeare's time. The custom of stamping an angel upon the coin is thus explained by Verstegan in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*: "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonic tongues as much as to say, an Angel; and if a Dutchman be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein Englishman*. And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel, which hath as well been used before the Norman Conquest, as since." Readers of Wordsworth will be apt to remember, in this connection, a fine passage in one of his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*:—

> "A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
> Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
> Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
> Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
> Angli by name; and not an Angel waves
> His wing, who could seem lovelier to man's eye
> Than they appear to holy Gregory;
> Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
> For Them and for their Land."

Scene VIII.

39. *Slubber not business*:—To *slubber* is to do a thing carelessly. Thus, in Fuller's *Worthies of Yorkshire*: "Slightly *slub-*

bering it over, doing something for show, and nothing to purpose." Likewise, in Song 21 of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:—

"Not such as basely soothe the humour of the time,
And *slubberingly* patch up some slight and shallow rhyme."

Scene IX.

78. *Wroth* is used in some of the old writers for *suffering*. So in Chapman's 22d Iliad: "Born all to *wroth* of woe and labour." But indeed the original meaning of *wrath* is pain, grief, anger, anything that makes one *writhe*; and the text but exemplifies a common form of speech, putting the effect for the cause.

85. *my lord?*—A humorous reply to the Servant's "Where is *my lady*?" So in *Richard II.*, V. v., a groom says to the King, "Hail, royal *prince*!" and he replies, "Thanks, noble *peer*!" And 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv., the Hostess says to Prince Henry, "O Jesu! *my lord*, the Prince!" and he replies, "How now, *my lady*, the hostess!"

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

122. *my turquoise*:—The *Turquoise* is a well known precious stone. In old times its value was much enhanced by the magic properties attributed to it in common with other precious stones, one of which was that it faded or brightened its hue as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. This is alluded to by Ben Jonson in his *Sejanus*: "And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring, look well or ill with him." Other virtues were also imputed to it. Thomas Nicols, in his translation of Anselm de Boot's *Lapidary*, says this stone "is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife." This quality may have moved Leah to present it to Shylock.

Scene II.

15. To be *o'erlook'd* or *eye-bitten*, was a term for being *bewitched* by an *evil eye*. It is used again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, V. v.

44. *a swan-like end*:—Alluding to the opinion which long prevailed, that the swan uttered a plaintive musical sound at the approach of death. There is something so touching in this ancient superstition, that one feels loth to be undeceived.

87. *Excrement,* from *excresco,* is used for everything which appears to grow or vegetate upon the human body, as the hair, the beard, the nails. See *Love's Labour's Lost,* V. i.

95, 96. *the dowry . . . sepulchre*:—The Poet has often expressed a strong dislike of the custom, then in vogue, of wearing false hair. See *Much Ado About Nothing,* II. iii. And his sixty-eighth Sonnet has a passage very like that in the text:—

> "Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
> When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
> Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
> Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
> Before the golden tresses of the dead,
> The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
> To live a second life on second head;
> Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay."

97. *Guiled* for *guiling,* that is, *beguiling.* The Poet often thus uses the passive form with an active sense, and *vice versa.* In Act I. Sc. iii. of this play, we have *beholding* for *beholden.* See, also, *Measure for Measure,* III. i.

115. *Counterfeit* anciently signified a *likeness* or portrait. So in *The Wit of a Woman,* 1634: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit.*" And Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother "the *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers."

126. *unfurnish'd*:—That is, unfurnished with a companion or fellow. In Fletcher's *Lover's Progress,* Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts:—

> "You are a noble gentleman.
> Will 't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
> And pity either, sir, should be *unfurnish'd.*"

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's *History of Faire Bellora,* afterwards published under the title of *A Paire of Turtle Doves*: "If Apelles had been tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit,* her two bright burning lampes would have so dazzled his quick-seeing sences, that, quite despairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he

had been inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus *unfinished*."

Scene III.

26 *et seq. The Duke cannot deny*, etc.:—For the due understanding of this passage, it should be borne in mind, that Antonio was one of the citizens, while Shylock was reckoned among the strangers of the place. And since the city was benefited as much by the trade and commerce of foreigners as of natives, justice evidently required that the law should give equal advantages to them both. But to stop the course of law in behalf of citizens against strangers would be putting the latter at a disadvantage and so would clearly impeach the justice of the state. We give the passage as proposed by Capell and approved by Knight. In this reading *for* means the same as *because of*—a sense in which it is often used by the Poet:—

> "The Duke cannot deny the course of law,
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice: if it be denied,
> 'Twill much impeach the justice of the state."

Scene IV.

7. *lover*:—Used very often by Shakespeare and other writers of his time for *friend*. The Poet's Sonnets are full of examples in point.

52. *with imagined speed*:—That is, with the celerity of imagination. So in the Chorus preceding the third Act of *Henry V.*: "Thus with *imagined* wing our swift scene flies."

72. *I could not do withal*:—A phrase of the time, signifying *I could not help it*. So in the *Morte d'Arthur*: "None of them will say well of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and that shall be great slaunder for you in this court. Alas! said the queen, *I cannot doe withall*." And in Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*, Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not silencing the music, which endangered his safety, replies: "*I cannot do withal*; I have spoke and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too." And in Palsgrave's *Table of Verbes*, quoted by Dyce: "I can not *do withall*, a thyng lyeth not in me, or I am not in faulte that a thyng is done."

Scene V.

3. *I fear you*:—That is, fear *for* you, or on your account. So in *Richard III.*, I. i.:—

> "The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
> And his physicians *fear* him mightily."

46-49. *How every fool*, etc.:—A shrewd proof that the Poet rightly estimated the small wit, the puns, and verbal tricks in which he so often indulges. He did it to please others, not himself.

68 *et seq. The fool hath planted*, etc.:—Probably an allusion to the habit of wit-snapping, the constant straining to speak out of the common way, which then filled the highest places of learning and of the state. One could scarce come at the matter, it was so finely flourished in the speaking. But such an epidemic was easier to censure than to avoid. Launcelot is a good satire upon the practice, though the satire rebounds upon the Poet himself.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

10. *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*; a frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's time, as every reader of the English Bible *ought* to know.

29. *royal merchant*:—This epithet was striking and well understood in Shakespeare's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*, both from his wealth, and because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth. And there were similar ones at Venice, such as the Giustiniani and the Grimaldi.

42 *et seq. I'll not answer that*, etc.:—The Jew, being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer.

43. In Shakespeare's time the word *humour* was used, much as *conscience* often is now, to excuse or justify any eccentric impulse of vanity, opinion, or self-will, for which no common ground of reason or experience could be alleged. Thus, if a man had an

individual crotchet which he meant should override the laws and conditions of our social being, it was his *humour*. Corporal Nym is a burlesque on this sort of affectation. And the thing is well illustrated in one of Rowland's *Epigrams*:—

> "Aske *Humors*, why a fether he doth weare?
> *It is his humour*, by the Lord, heele sweare."

47. *a gaping pig*:—A pig prepared for the table is most probably meant, for in that state is the epithet *gaping* most applicable to this animal. So in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*: "And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig*." And in Nash's *Pierce Penniless*: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman if they see *a pig come to the table*."

49 *et seq. And others, when the bagpipe*, etc.:—This passage has occasioned a vast deal of controversy. In the old copies it is printed thus:—

> "And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
> Cannot contain their urine for affection.
> *Masters* of passion *sways* it to the mood," etc.

Where the discrepancy of *Masters* and *sways* is obvious enough. There had been a very general agreement in the reading we have given, until Collier broke in upon it. Against his, and in favor of the received lection, Dyce remarks: "The preceding part of the passage clearly shows that there must be a pause at *urine*; and also that *for affection* must be connected with the next line. Shylock states three circumstances; first, that some men dislike a gaping pig; secondly, that some are mad if they see a cat; thirdly, that some, at the sound of the bagpipe, cannot contain their urine: and he then accounts for these three peculiarities on a general principle."

126. *envy*:—Malice, as before in line 10 of this Scene. This passage is well illustrated by one in *2 Henry IV.*, IV. iv.:—

> "Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
> Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
> To stab at half an hour of my life."

180. Richardson says: "In French and old English law, *danger* seems equivalent to *penalty, damages, commissi pœna*. Thus,

'Narcissus was a bachelere that love had caught in his *daungere*; that is, within the reach of hurtful, mischievous power. Thus also, '*In danger* hadde he at his owen gise the yonge girles of the diocise.' And in R. Brunne, 'All was in the erle's *dangere*.' And again, 'He was never wedded to woman's *danger*'; that is, woman's dangerous power." Shakespeare has a like use of the word in his *Venus and Adonis*: "Come not within his *danger* by your will."

200-202. "Portia, referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of Salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character." So says Sir William Blackstone; forgetting that the Lord's Prayer was in itself but a compilation, all the petitions in it being taken out of the ancient euchologies or prayer-books of the Jews. "So far," says Grotius, "was the Lord Himself of the Christian Church from all affectation of unnecessary novelty." So in Ecclesiasticus, xxviii. 2: "Forgive thy neighbour the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest."

296. *Barrabas*:—Shakespeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barabas* throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*.

399. *ten more*:—To make up a jury of *twelve* men to condemn him. This appears to have been an old joke. So in *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben Jonson: "I will leave you to your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."

412. *cope*:—The only instance, that Hudson remembers to have met with, of the word *cope* being used in the sense of *reward* or requite. A like use of the word in composition, however, occurs in Ben Jonson's play *The Fox*, iii. 5:—

> "Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
> Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
> He would have sold his part of Paradise
> For ready money, had he met a *cope-man*."

Scene II.

15. *old swearing*:—*Old* was a common intensive in the colloquial language of Shakespeare's time. So in *Much Ado About Nothing*, V. ii.: "Yonder's *old* coil [confusion] at home."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

1. There is such an air of reality and of first-hand knowledge about this bewitching scene, as certainly lends some support to the notion of the Poet's having visited Italy; it being scarce credible that any one should have put so much of an Italian moonlight evening into a description, upon the strength of what he had seen in England. But what is quite remarkable, the vividness of the scene is helped on by the very thing that would seem most likely to hinder it. The running of "in such a night" into such a variety of classic allusion and imagery, and gradually drawing it round into the late and finally into the present experiences of the speakers, gives to the whole the freshness and originality of an actual occurrence; the remembrance of what they have read being quickened by the inspiration of what lies before them.

30-32. *she doth stray about*, etc.:—One of the finest touches in the delineation of Portia is this associating of a solicitude for wedded happiness with the charity and humility of a religious and prayerful spirit. The binding of our life up with another's naturally sends us to him who may indeed be *our* Father, but not *mine*. A writer in the Pictorial edition remarks that "these holy crosses, still as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads. The days are past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-maid, might be seen kneeling and praying 'for happy wedlock hours,' or whatever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of the passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at these shrines." The old English feeling on this score is thus shown in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*:—

> "But there are *crosses*, wife: here's one in Waltham,
> Another at the Abbey, and the third
> At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass
> Any of these without a Pater-noster."

63-65. *Such harmony*, etc.:—A passage somewhat resembling that in the text occurs in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*: "Touch-

ing musical harmony, such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have thereby been induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony." The book containing this came out in 1597; so that there could not well be any obligation either way between Hooker and Shakespeare. Of course everybody has heard of "the music of the spheres," an ancient mystery which taught that the heavenly bodies in their revolutions sing together in a concert so loud, various, and sweet, as to exceed all proportion to the human ear. And the greatest souls, from Plato to Wordsworth, have been lifted above themselves, and have waxed greater than their wont, with an idea or intuition that the universe was knit together by a principle of which musical harmony is the aptest and clearest expression. Perhaps the very sublimity of this notion has furthered the turning of it into a jest; yet there seems to be a strange virtue in it, that it cannot die; and thoughtful minds, though apt to smile at it, are still more apt to grow big with the conception. Thus Milton, in his *Arcades,* speaks of

> "the celestial sirens' harmony
> That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
> And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
> And turn the adamantine spindle round,
> On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
> Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
> To lull the daughters of Necessity,
> And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
> And the low world in measur'd motion draw
> After the heavenly tune, which none can hear,
> Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear."

And in Coleridge's *Remorse,* III. i., are lines not unworthy of a place beside these, wherein he speaks

> "Of that innumerable company
> Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
> Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
> With noise too vast and constant to be heard;
> Fitliest unheard! For, O, ye numberless
> And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
> What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
> The rushing of your congregated wings?"

And, finally, Wordsworth, in his magnificent lyric *On the Power of Sound,* thus refers to the same great theme:—

> "By one pervading spirit
> Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
> As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
> Initiation in that mystery old.
> The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
> As they themselves appear to be,
> Innumerable voices fill
> With everlasting harmony;
> The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
> Their feet among the billows, know
> That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
> Thy pinions, universal Air,
> Ever waving to and fro,
> Are delegates of harmony, and bear
> Strains that support the Seasons in their round."

124-126. *This night methinks,* etc.:—A writer in the *Pictorial Shakspere* thus remarks upon this passage: "The light of moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as sunlight. The planets burn like golden lamps above the pinnacles and pillared statues of the city and the tree-tops of the plain, with a brilliancy which cannot be imagined by those who have dwelt only in a northern climate. The infant may there hold out its hands, not only for the full moon, but for 'the old moon sitting in the young moon's lap'—an appearance there as obvious to the eye as any constellation."

141. *this breathing courtesy*:—This complimentary form, made up only of *breath*; that is, of words.

201. *Contain* was sometimes used in the sense of *retain*. So in Bacon's *Essays*: "To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things."

Questions on

The Merchant of Venice.

1. Do you classify this play as comedy, tragedy, or romance?
2. When was it written?
3. What materials from earlier literature were employed? Compare this play with Marlowe's *Jew of Malta.*
4. What difficulties are there in establishing the duration of the action?

ACT FIRST.

5. What is foreshadowed in the mood of sadness in Antonio with which the play opens?
6. How is the social importance of Antonio shown in the dialogue of his friends? What is implied as to his dramatic importance in this play?
7. How does Antonio answer their suggestions that either dangers to property or thoughts of love disturb him?
8. Characterize Antonio's speech to Salanio and Salarino upon their departure.
9. What impression does Gratiano make by his first speech? Does Bassanio's estimate of him seem just?
10. How does Antonio suggest Touchstone? What request of him does Bassanio make, and how does Antonio answer the request?
11. Give Bassanio's story. What principal character is mentioned for the first time?
12. How do Portia's first words repeat Antonio's? In both cases, is there indicated a settled trait of character, or is there here expressed simply a foreboding?
13. What do we learn of the spiritual plight of Portia? How is the power of *choice discussed*?
14. Indicate something of her temperament as displayed in the the power of *choice* discussed?
15. How is Bassanio mentioned?
16. What trait of character is first depicted in Shylock?
17. What is Shylock's personal attitude towards Antonio?

18. Comment on the charges against Antonio that we find in Shylock's arraignment of him.

19. What is the dramatic significance of Antonio's speech in Sc. iii., beginning line 130?

20. State the conclusion of the bargain with Shylock.

21. Does Antonio show any suspicion of the Jew's motive? Account for the motive that made Bassanio draw back from the bond.

22. There are three centres of interest established by the first Act, that of the story of Antonio, the story of the Jew (though these two are closely interwoven from the start), and the love affair of Bassanio and Portia. Are the causes for the action laid out, and the results foreshadowed?

ACT SECOND.

23. Explain the reasons for the alternations of the scene between Venice and Belmont in the second Act.

24. What is the dramatic purpose of the scene between the Prince of Morocco and Portia?

25. What is the episodic value of Sc. ii. as concerns Launcelot and Old Gobbo? Compare the foolery of Launcelot with that of his prototype Launce (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*).

26. By leaving the service of Shylock for that of Bassanio, what function does Launcelot play in the development of the plot?

27. What engagement does Gratiano enter into with Bassanio?

28. What is Jessica's feeling towards her father? How does Shakespeare furnish justification for this feeling?

29. How is Launcelot the agent whereby the complication is assisted in two particulars?

30. For what is Lorenzo's speech at the close of Sc. iv. a preparation?

31. How does Shylock show his malignity in accepting Bassanio's invitation to supper?

32. What touch to the friendship of Antonio and Bassanio does the end of Sc. vi. furnish?

33. How does the Prince of Morocco choose, and what type of mind is seen in him? What fitness to his case is there in the inscription he finds?

34. Why is the scene of Shylock's passion reported by Salanio not enacted before the spectators?

35. The scene above mentioned, taken together with Salarino's report of the parting of Bassanio and Antonio, makes Sc. viii. of what dramatic significance?

36. What was enjoined upon every one who made a hazard of his fortunes with the caskets?

37. What type of mind is depicted in the Prince of Arragon?

ACT THIRD.

38. Show how a cumulative effect is produced by revealing the losses of Antonio.

39. How is there, in parity with this, a revelation of his amiable qualities?

40. What is the dramatic effect of the entrance of Shylock in Sc. i.?

41. How is he affected by the flight of his daughter?

42. Had Shylock any knowledge of Antonio's losses as evidenced by his reply to Salarino? Is it a general defense of his right to his bond, irrespective of any knowledge that it was forfeit, that he delivers?

43. Show what essential traits Tubal and Shylock possess in common, and how they differ in superficial ones.

44. Summarize the passions displayed by Shylock in this scene with Tubal. What traits are human and pathetic?

45. What is Portia's emotional state while Bassanio is making the choice of the caskets?

46. Explain the meaning of *fancy* in the song.

47. While Bassanio is examining the caskets, what is his comment?

48. Describe how Portia expresses the ecstasy of love.

49. How is the ring introduced? For what is it a preparation? What is Bassanio's declaration concerning it?

50. What is the dramatic effect of the plighting of Gratiano and Nerissa?

51. What effects are secured and what turn is given to the action by the entrance of Salerio with the letter?

52. Indicate the episodic value of Sc. iii.

53. How are friendship and love brought into consideration in Sc. iv.? What preparation for succeeding action is here presented?

54. Compare Portia's and Jessica's comments on their masquerading as men.

55. Do you derive any impression of Shakespeare's own view of small wit and punning, such as frequently appear in his plays?

56. If he held them in slight regard, why did he indulge in them so much?

ACT FOURTH.

57. What words of Antonio uttered at the beginning of the trial scene bear out his attribution of *ancient Roman honour*?

58. What appeal for mercy does the Duke make to Shylock?

59. By what oath does Shylock show the inflexibility of his purpose?

60. Is there possibly more than Shylock's personal animosity against Antonio that the Jew gives vent to in his reply to the Duke?

61. How does Antonio, like Hamlet, desire after his death to be remembered by his friend?

62. What was the philosophy of Pythagoras?

63. Before the entrance of Portia, what balancing of the claims of mercy and justice has the Scene presented?

64. How is climax attained in Portia's speech on the *quality of mercy*?

65. Besides further exposition of character, what dramatic effect is attained by Portia's delay in coming to the point of foiling Shylock?

66. How is the dignity and inflexibility of law preserved against appeal for individual clemency, even with the support of a strong case?

67. How does the current of thought for a moment drift into the channels cut by the various correlative actions?

68. Who finally diverts the current?

69. Was the trial conducted in accordance with Roman or English law?

70. Indicate the exact point of climax in the play.

71. Was not the resort by which Antonio was saved really a quibble? Would it be supported in any actual court of law?

72. Show how its use against Shylock makes an effective example of dramatic contrast.

73. What are the final struggles of the Jew before he surrenders all?

74. In the revival of the old law to meet the case of Shylock, what supporting argument of his own, upon which he chiefly relied, is brought into vivid contrast?

Questions

75. How are horror and aversion changed to pity for the plight of the Jew?

76. In Shakespeare's time Shylock was regarded a comic personage, and his discomfiture was met with derisive laughter. How has this changed in our day? Was it for the groundlings that Shakespeare added that questionable touch which condemns Shylock to become a Christian?

77. Why does the play not end with the disappearance of Shylock? Show the effectiveness of the idyllic character of the fifth Act.

ACT FIFTH.

78. What tribute does Shakespeare pay to the power of music?

79. How is a good deed compared to the beams of a candle?

80. What inherent suitability to the spirit of the play has the musical interlude?

81. How is Antonio connected with the occasion and with the healing of the lovers' quarrel about the rings? How does the spirit of comedy come in to repair the sufferings of Antonio?

82. What is the main action of this play? In what character does the chief interest of the play reside?

83. How do you account for the apparent dramatic disproportion? Does the perception of this follow from the evolution of finer æsthetic regard?

84. Is the complexity of emotion displayed in Shylock equaled by that in Portia?

85. Does not the highly artificial situation in which Portia is placed relative to the selection of her husband impress one less strongly than the story of Shylock, owing to the fact that the mind refuses to accept the chance of a mischoice?

86. Give a summary of the traits of Antonio. How did he live in the opinions of his friends?

87. Does Shakespeare seem to exhibit the caprices of fortune, or demands of poetic justice, in the misfortunes that visit Antonio?

88. Is Gratiano as witty as Mercutio?

89. Is there anything in the high pitch of passion to which the story of Shylock is carried inconsistent with the spirit of comedy?

90. Does this play require a considerable amount of comic relief? Show in what ways this is effected.

The Tragedy of
Romeo and Juliet

1903



Romeo and Juliet

THE
TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

Preface.

The Earliest Edition. The First Edition of *Romeo and Juliet* was a quarto published in 1597 with the following title-page:—

"*An* | EXCELLENT | conceited Tragedie | OF | Romeo and Iuliet, | As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely by the right Ho- | nourable the L. of *Hunsdon* | his Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed by Iohn Danter. | 1597. | "

A second quarto edition appeared in 1599:—"The | Most Ex- | cellent and lamentable | Tragedie, of Romeo | and *Iuliet*. | *Newly* corrected, augmented, and | amended: | As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the | right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. | LONDON | Printer by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to | be sold at his shop neare the Exchange. | 1599."

A third quarto was issued in 1609, as "acted by the King's Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe," and "printed for Iohn Smethwick"; this edition was subsequently reprinted, with an undated title-page, giving us for the first time the name of the author—"written by *W. Shakespeare*," though this additional information is not found in all the copies.

A fifth quarto, identical with the fourth, bears the date of 1637.

The text of the First Folio version was taken from the third quarto; many errors therein seem due to the compositors. The second quarto is our best authority

for the play, though "it is certain that it was not printed from the author's MS., but from a transcript, the writer of which was not only careless, but thought fit to take unwarrantable liberties with the text." It formed the basis of the third quarto; this again was used for the fourth, and the fourth was reprinted as the fifth edition; all these are therefore often in agreement, and are referred to as Quartos.

Quarto 1, which is nearly one quarter less than Quarto 2 (2232 lines as against 3007), was evidently made up from shorthand notes taken at the theatre, supplemented by copies of portions of the original play, which for the most part appears to have agreed with the authorised version of 1599, though certain essential differences between the two editions make it probable that many a passage had been revised, re-written, or augmented (*e.g.* Act II., Sc. vi., the meeting of Romeo and Juliet at the Friar's cell; Act IV., Sc. v., the lamentations over Juliet; Act V. Sc. iii. 12-17). In spite of its many defects, the First Quarto cannot be altogether neglected in dealing with the text of the play. The theory, however, that it gives us "a fairly accurate version of the play as it was first written" is now held by few scholars.*

Date of Composition. The evidence seems to point to as early a year as 1591 for the date of the composition of *Romeo and Juliet*, at least in its first form, though the play, as we know it, may safely be dated *circa* 1596.

In proof of the early date the following are noteworthy points:—(i) in Weever's *Epigrams*, written before 1595,

* The First quarto has been reprinted by the Cambridge Editors, and in Mr. Furness' Variorum Edition; there is a facsimile edition of Quartos 1, 2, 4, in *Shakespere Quarto Facsimiles*; there are two valuable critical parallel editions of the First and Second quartos, by Tycho Mommsen (published in 1859, with a full study of the textual problems), and by P. A. Daniel (*New Shakespere Society*, 1874): a summary of the various theories held by scholars on the relationship of the quartos, etc., is to be found in Furness, pp. 415-424.

Romeo is alluded to as one of Shakespeare's popular characters; (ii) the allusions (I. iii. 23, 25) to the earthquake seem to refer to a famous earthquake felt in London in 1580; (iii) passages in Daniel's *Complainte of Rosamunde*, 1592, are probably reminiscent of Romeo's speech in presence of Juliet in the tomb*; (iv) there are several striking parallels in *Romeo and Juliet* and Marlowe's plays† and other early dramas (*e.g.* Dr. Dodipoll, written before 1596); certain passages in undoubtedly early plays, *e.g. Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Act V. ll. 1-10) suggests points of contact with the present play.

But over and above these external points must be placed the internal evidence, which places *Romeo and Juliet* among the early love-plays:—(i) the frequency of rhyme, much of it in the form of alternate rhymes; (ii) the conceits, word-play, alliteration, and the like; (iii) the lyrical character of the whole. It is peculiarly striking that the three chief forms of medieval love-poetry are to be found in the play; (i) in the *sonnet-form* of the first meeting of the lovers; (ii) in the *serena*, or evening-song, of Juliet (Act III. Sc. ii. 1-33); (iii.) in the *alba* or dawn-song, of the parting lovers (Act III. Sc. v. 1-36).

To these typical lyrical pieces should be added Paris'

* The argument might, of course, work the other way (and it is often taken so), but Daniel was notorious for his conveyance of Shakespearian beauties, and is alluded to, from his point of view, in *The Return from Parnassus*, where a character, Gallio by name, shows too ready a knowledge of the play, and Ingenioso observes in an "aside":—*Mark, Romeo and Juliet. O monstrous theft! I think he will run through a book of Samuel Daniell's.*" The meaning of this comment is clear from the third play of the "Parnassus Trilogy," where the criticism on Daniel is to this effect:—

> *"Only let him more sparingly make use*
> *Of others' wit and use his own the more."*

(*Cf. Preface* to *Richard II.*)

† *E.g.* The first lines of Juliet's "Serena" seem like an echo of a passage in Edward II.:—"*Gallop apace bright Phœbus thro' the sky,*" etc.

highest lyrical expression, the graceful though conventional elegiac sestet (V. iii. 12-18).*

Finally, one must not overlook the close connection of the play with the sonnets, many of which, as we know from Meres, must have been written before 1598; it is a pity we cannot definitely date Sonnet cxvi.:—

"Love is not love
Which alters where it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass comes. . . ."

The Plot. A story having the same features as *Romeo and Juliet* has been found in a Greek medieval Romance of the fifth century, but whatever its ultimate origin, the story eventually becomes localised in Italy, the Veronese fixing the date of the tragedy in the year 1303. Dante, reproaching the Emperor Albert for the neglect of Italy (*Purg.* vi.), alludes thus to the Montagues and Capulets:—

"Vieni, a veder Montechie Capelletti," etc.†

Although several earlier Italian stories exist recalling that of *Romeo and Juliet,* these names of the lovers are not found in Italian literature till about 1530, when their history, "*historia novellamente retrovata di duo nobili amanti,*" was first told by Luigi da Porto, who, a love-sick soldier, once heard the story from his favourite archer, the Veronese Peregrino, as they rode along the lonely road from Gradisca and Udine, in the country of Friuli. Peregrino's story was in all probability based on an old tale found among the *Novelle* of Masuccio Salernitano, printed at Naples in 1476. Da Porto's novel be-

* Contrast this with Romeo's blank verse speech, which immediately follows. Nothing could be more significant.

† "*Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,*
The Filippeschi and Monaldi, man,
Who car'st for nought! Those sunk in grief, and these
With dire suspicion rack'd."

came very popular, and several renderings were made of the story.* Most important is that of Bandello (1554), which was translated into French by Boisteau, and included in his famous *Histoires Tragiques* (1559), whence were derived two English versions:—(i) Arthur Brooke's poem (1562), and (ii) Paynter's novel (1567), included in the "*Palace of Pleasure*."

The Poem and the Play. Shakespeare probably consulted both these versions of the story, but Brooke's poem was his main source. He followed it closely; here and there the play betrays a slight influence upon its diction; conceits and antithesis in the poem may occasionally be paralleled from the play. The plot of the two versions is substantially the same,† but Shakespeare shows his dramatic skill in dealing with the materials—*e.g.* (i) he compresses the action, which in the story occupies four or five months, into as many days; (ii) he recreates the character of Mercutio, who in the poem is a mere "courtier bold among the bashful maydes"; (iii) he makes Paris die at the grave of Juliet by the hand of Romeo; in the poem nothing is heard of the Count after his disappointment.

But though in *subject* Shakespeare follows Brooke, it need hardly be said that in its *spirit*—in its transfiguration of the story—the play altogether transcends the poem; a

* In 1553 Gabriel Giolito published in Venice a poem on the subject; its author was probably Gherardo Boldiero. Ten years previously (1542) Adrian Sevin, the translator of Boccacio's *Philocopo*, gave the story in French, though the names of the lovers became strangely changed in his version. (The sources are discussed in Simrock's *Quellen*, Furness' *Variorum Edition*, etc.: specially valuable is Daniel's *Originals and Analogues*, Part I. *New Shak. Soc.*)

† In the versions of Da Porto and Bandello, and in Garrick's acting version of Shakespeare's play, Juliet wakes from her sleep while Romeo still lives; Shakespeare follows Brooke and Paynter in the catastrophe of the play. On the other hand, Shakespeare makes Juliet two years younger than she is in Brooke's poem.

greater effort than Brooke's wearisome production* would pale its uneffectual fire before the glowing warmth of this Song of Songs of Romantic Passion.

Early Plays on "Romeo and Juliet." In his "address to the Reader," Brooke speaks of having seen "the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for." No trace has been discovered of the drama alluded to; it is difficult to imagine a popular Romantic play belonging to this early date (*c.* 1562), and no doubt Brooke was referring to some such Academic production as "*Tancred and Gismunda*"; possibly the play in question was an exercise in Latin† verse, acted in a College Hall or at the Inns of Court.

The earliest extant play on the subject of *Romeo and Juliet* is *La Hadriana,* by the blind poet and actor, Luigi Groto; its date is 1578. There are some few striking resemblances with Shakespeare's play; the most noteworthy being the parting of the two lovers.‡

* A short specimen will interest the reader:—

"At last with trembling voice and shamefast cheer the maid
Unto her Romeus turned herself, and thus to him she said:—
O blessed be the time of thy arrival here:
But ere she could speak forth the rest, to her love drew so near;
And so within her mouth her tongue he glewed fast
That no one word could scape her more, than what already past."

† There exist, indeed, among the Sloane MSS., the fragments of a Latin version of the story, evidently the exercise of a Cambridge student, but the MS. belongs, I think, to the beginning of the 17th century. It is nevertheless an interesting curiosity.

‡ J. C. Walker, in his "*Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy,*" first called attention to the play from this point of view, and translated the passages in question; *e.g.*

Latino. If I err not, the lamp of day is nigh.
List to the nightingale, that wakes with us,
With us laments mid thorns; and now the dew,
Like our tears, pearls the grass. Ah me, alas,
Turn towards the east thy face, etc.

Groto's play was certainly known in England; there is an annoted copy among the dramatist Ruggles' books at Clare College.

Shakespeare's great contemporary, the Spanish dramatist, Lope de Vega, used the same subject for one of his bright and graceful "cloak and sword comedies," under the title of "*Castelvines y Monteses.*" Again, Lope's successor, Francisco de Rojas y Zorrilla, was drawn to the theme, and founded upon it his "*Los Bandos de Verona.*"*

As early as 1626, if not earlier, a version of Shakespeare's play was known in Germany (*v.* Cohn's "*Shakespeare in Germany in the XVIth and XVIIth centuries*"). On the many English acting perversions of the tragedy, it is unnecessary to comment.

Duration of Action. Shakespeare's compression of the story has already been referred to; four or five days cover the whole action of the play, the rapidity of events effectively harmonising with the "local colour," with the violent love and violent hate of the impulsive South, "too like the lightning."

The lovers meet on Sunday; they are wedded on Monday; they part at dawn on Tuesday; they are re-united in death on the night of Thursday.

> O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
> And all a wonder and a wild desire!"

* F. W. Cosens published a translation of both plays in a privately printed edition. A full summary of Lope's drama is to be found in Furness' "*Variorum*" *Romeo and Juliet.*

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The Veronese houses of Montague and Capulet have had a feud of long standing, which has brought about continued street-brawls between retainers of the families, from the highest relatives to the lowest servants. The old Capulet gives a feast to which all his friends are bidden. Naturally the Montagues are not included in the list. But Romeo, the heir of the latter house, is persuaded to don a mask and present himself at the festivities in order to catch a glimpse of Rosaline, a flame of his. Romeo, however, has scant eyes for Rosaline; he discovers another young girl whose beauty and grace set his heart beating as it never beat before. He inquires her name and is dismayed to learn that she is Juliet, the heiress of the Capulets. Meanwhile Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet, discovers the identity of Romeo, and is barely dissuaded by old Capulet—whose hospitality overrides his anger—from drawing upon the Montague.

II. Juliet has likewise discovered the name of the handsome young stranger, who carried off her affections by storm at the banquet. Melancholy and lovelorn, she repairs to her balcony, and there confides to the moon and stars the secret of her heart. But it happens that Romeo is underneath the balcony and hears her confess her love for him. Overjoyed, he reveals his presence, and the maiden is constrained to make a further avowal. The lovers resolve on a speedy and secret marriage, which is brought to pass the very next day in the cell of Friar Laurence, a friend of Romeo's.

III. On the day of the wedding two of Romeo's friends, Benvolio and Mercutio, while walking through the streets of Verona, are accosted by Tybalt, who is seeking an encounter with Romeo because of the latter's presence at the Capulet's during the feast. A quarrel ensues, and at its height Romeo appears. Tybalt rails at him, but Romeo answers softly, for he is just returning from his wedding and the Capulets are no longer so hateful in his eyes. The others, however, cannot understand his weakness, and Mercutio, exasperated, fights Tybalt in his stead. Mercutio is slain. Romeo, in just vengeance, then turns upon and slays Tybalt. By a mandate of the Prince of Verona, Romeo is banished. He flees the land, leaving Juliet the weeping bride of one night.

Juliet's father, knowing nothing of her secret nuptials, is resolved to wed her to her kinsman the young Paris.

IV. In her despair Juliet consults the friendly Friar Laurence, who advises her to appear to consent to a marriage with Paris, but on her nuptial morn to drink a potion which the Friar prepares for her. This will give her, he says, the semblance of death; she will be laid away in the burial vault, and Romeo will be sent for to rescue her. She takes the drug as the Friar directs and her parents, heart-broken, believe her dead and consign her to the tomb.

V. Bad news travels more swiftly than good. Before the Friar has had the opportunity to notify Romeo of the sham death, other messengers advise him that Juliet is really no more. Romeo, frantic with grief, procures a deadly poison and goes to Juliet's tomb to die beside his wife. At the door of the tomb he meets Paris, who forces him to fight. Paris is slain. Romeo enters the tomb, drinks the poison, and breathes his last. A few moments later Juliet awakes from her trance, sees her lover's dead body and learns the truth from Friar Laurence, who has but now arrived at the tomb. She seizes Romeo's dagger and kills herself. The double tragedy

so affects the heads of the houses of Capulet and Montague that they become reconciled as through a bloody sacrifice.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Southern Atmosphere.

Who does not recall those lovely summer nights in which the forces of nature seem eager for development, and constrained to remain in drowsy langour—a mingling of intense heat, superabundant energy, impetuous power, and silent freshness? The nightingale sings in the depths of the woods. The flower-cups are half closed. A pale lustre is shed over the foliage of the forests and upon the brow of the hills. The deep repose conceals, we are aware, a procreant force; the melancholy reserve of nature is the mask of a passionate emotion. Under the paleness and the coolness of the night, you divine restrained ardors, and flowers which brood in silence, impatient to shine forth. Such is the peculiar atmosphere with which Shakspeare has enveloped one of his most wonderful creations—*Romeo and Juliet.* Not only the substance, but the forms of the language come from the South. Italy was the inventor of the tale: she drew it from her national memorials, her old family feuds, her annals filled with amorous and bloody intrigues. In its lyric accent, its blindness of passion, its blossoming and abundant vitality, in the brilliant imagery, in the bold composition, no one can fail to recognize Italy. Romeo utters himself like a sonnet of Petrarch, with the same refined choice and the same antitheses; there is the same grace and the same pleasure in versifying passion in allegorical stanzas. Juliet, too, is wholly the woman of Italy; with

small gift of forethought, and absolutely ingenuous in her *abandon*, she is at once vehement and pure.

CHASLES: *Études sur W. Shakspeare.*

How intense is the life of Romeo and Juliet in their environment! Hark to the gay and yet warlike hubbub around them, the sport and merriment, the high words and the ring of steel in the streets of Verona! Hark to the Nurse's strident laughter, old Capulet's jesting and chiding, the low tones of the Friar, and the irrepressible rattle of Mercutio's wit! Feel the magic of the whole atmosphere in which they are plunged, these embodiments of tumultuous youth, living and dying in love, in magnanimity, in passion, in despair, under a glowing Southern sky, softening into moonlight nights of sultry fragrance—and realise that Shakespeare had at this point completed the first stage of his triumphal progress!

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Romeo.

I consider Romeo designed to represent the character of an *unlucky* man—a man, who, with the best views and fairest intentions, is perpetually so unfortunate as to fail in every aspiration, and, while exerting himself to the utmost in their behalf, to involve all whom he holds dearest in misery and ruin. Had any other passion or pursuit occupied Romeo, he would have been equally unlucky as in his love. Ill-fortune has marked him for her own. From beginning to end he intends the best; but his interfering is ever for the worst. Everything glides on in smooth current at Capulet's feast till the appearance of him whose presence is deadly. Romeo himself is a most reluctant visitor. He apprehends that

the consequences of the night's revels will be the vile forfeit of a despised life by an untimely death, but submits to his destiny. He foresees that it is no wit to go, but consoles himself with the reflection that he "means well in going to this masque." His intentions, as usual, are good; and, as usual, their consequences are ruinous. Vainly does Romeo endeavour to pacify the bullying swordsman, Tybalt; vainly does he decline the proffered duel. His good intentions are again doomed to be frustrated. There stands by his side as mad-blooded a spirit as Tybalt himself, and Mercutio takes up the abandoned quarrel. The star of the unlucky man is ever in the ascendant. His ill-omened interference slays his friend. Had he kept quiet the issue might have been different; but the power that had the steerage of his course had destined that the uplifting of his sword was to be the signal of death to his very friend. And when the dying Mercutio says, "Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm," he can only offer the excuse, which is always true and always unavailing, "I thought all for the best." . . .

The mode of his death is chosen by himself, and in that he is unlucky as in everything else. Utterly loathing life, the manner of his leaving it must be instantaneous. He stipulates that the poison by which he shall die shall not be slow of effect. He leaves himself no chance of escape. Instant death is in his hand; and thanking the true apothecary for the quickness of his drugs, he scarcely leaves himself a moment with a kiss to die. If he had been less in a hurry—if he had not felt it impossible to delay posting off to Verona for a single night—if his riding had been less rapid, or his medicine less sudden in its effect, he might have lived.

MAGINN: *Shakespeare Papers.*

Romeo's is not an active, practical nature like Henry V.; neither is he great by intellect, a thinker, in any

high sense of the word. But if he lives and moves and has his being neither heroically in the objective world of action, like Henry V., nor in the world of the mind, like Hamlet, all the more he lives, moves, and has his being in the world of mere emotion. To him emotion which enriches and exalts itself with the imagination, emotion apart from thought and apart from action, is an end in itself. Therefore it delights him to hover over his own sentiment, to brood upon it, to feed upon it richly. Romeo must needs steep his whole nature in feeling, and, if Juliet does not appear, he must love Rosaline. . . . Romeo nurses his love; he sheds tears; he cultivates solitude; he utters his groans in the hearing of the comfortable friar; he stimulates his fancy with the sought-out phrases, the curious antitheses of the amorous dialect of the period:—

> "Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
> O anything, of nothing first create!
> O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
> Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
> Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!"

He broods upon the luxury of his sorrow. And then Romeo meets Juliet. Juliet is an actual force beyond and above himself, a veritable fact of the world. Nevertheless, there remains a certain clinging self-consciousness, an absence of perfect simplicity and directness, even in Romeo's very real love of Juliet. This is placed by Shakspere in designed contrast with the singleness of Juliet's nature, her direct unerroneous passion, which goes straight to its object, and never broods upon itself. It is Romeo who says in the garden scene,

> "How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
> Like softest music to attending ears!"

He has overheard the voice of Juliet, and he cannot answer her call until he has drained the sweetness of the sound. He is one of those men to whom the emo-

tional atmosphere which is given out by the real object, and which surrounds it like a luminous mist, is more important than the reality itself.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Juliet.

Such is the simplicity, the truth, and the loveliness of Juliet's character, that we are not at first aware of its complexity, its depth, and its variety. There is in it an intensity of passion, a singleness of purpose, an entireness, a completeness of effect, which we feel as a whole; and to attempt to analyze the impression thus conveyed at once to soul and sense, is as if while hanging over a half-blown rose, and revelling in its intoxicating perfume, we should pull it asunder, leaflet by leaflet, the better to display its bloom and fragrance. . . . All Shakspeare's women, being essentially women, either love or have loved, or are capable of loving; but Juliet is love itself. The passion is her state of being, and out of it she has no existence. It is the soul within her soul; the pulse within her heart; the life-blood along her veins, "blending with every atom of her frame." The love that is so chaste and dignified in Portia—so airy-delicate and fearless in Miranda—so sweetly confiding in Perdita—so playfully fond in Rosalind—so constant in Imogen—so devoted in Desdemona—so fervent in Helen—so tender in Viola—is each and all of these in Juliet. . . .

In the delineation of that sentiment which forms the groundwork of the drama, nothing in fact can equal the power of the picture but its inexpressible sweetness and its perfect grace: the passion which has taken possession of Juliet's whole soul has the force, the rapidity, the resistless violence of the torrent; but she is herself as

"moving delicate," as fair, as soft, as flexible as the willow that bends over it, whose light leaves tremble even with the motion of the current which hurries beneath them. But at the same time that the pervading sentiment is never lost sight of, and is one and the same throughout, the individual part of the character in all its variety is developed, and marked with the nicest discrimination. For instance, the simplicity of Juliet is very different from the simplicity of Miranda; her innocence is not the innocence of a desert island. The energy she displays does not once remind us of the moral grandeur of Isabel, or the intellectual power of Portia; it is founded in the strength of passion, not in the strength of character; it is accidental rather than inherent, rising with the tide of feeling or temper, and with it subsiding. Her romance is not the pastoral romance of Perdita, nor the fanciful romance of Viola; it is the romance of a tender heart and a poetical imagination. Her inexperience is not ignorance; she has heard that there is such a thing as falsehood, though she can scarcely conceive it. Her mother and her nurse have perhaps warned her against flattering vows and man's inconstancy. . . . Our impression of Juliet's loveliness and sensibility is enhanced, when we find it overcoming in the bosom of Romeo a previous love for another. His visionary passion for the cold, inaccessible Rosaline, forms but the prologue, the threshold, to the true, the real sentiment which succeeds to it. This incident, which is found in the original story, has been retained by Shakspeare with equal feeling and judgement; and far from being a fault in taste and sentiment, far from prejudicing us against Romeo, by casting on him, at the outset of the piece, the stigma of inconstancy, it becomes, if properly considered, a beauty in the drama, and adds a fresh stroke of truth to the portrait of the lover. Why, after all, should we be offended at what does not offend Juliet herself? for in the original story we find that her attention is first attracted towards

Romeo, by seeing him "fancy-sick and pale of cheer," for love of a cold beauty. . . .

In the extreme vivacity of her imagination, and its influence upon the action, the language, the sentiments of the drama, Juliet resembles Portia; but with this striking difference. In Portia, the imaginative power, though developed in a high degree, is so equally blended with the other intellectual and moral faculties, that it does not give us the idea of excess. It is subject to her nobler reason; it adorns and heightens all her feelings; it does not overwhelm or mislead them. In Juliet, it is rather a part of her southern temperament, controlling and modifying the rest of her character; springing from her sensibility, hurried along by her passions, animating her joys, darkening her sorrows, exaggerating her terrors, and, in the end, overpowering her reason. With Juliet, imagination is, in the first instance, if not the source, the medium of passion; and passion again kindles her imagination. It is through the power of imagination that the eloquence of Juliet is so vividly poetical; that every feeling, every sentiment comes to her clothed in the richest imagery, and is thus reflected from her mind to ours. The poetry is not here the mere adornment, the outward garnishing of the character; but its result, or rather blended with its essence. It is indivisible from it, and interfused through it like moonlight through the summer air. To particularize is almost impossible, since the whole of the dialogue appropriated to Juliet is one rich stream of imagery. . . .

The famous soliloquy, "Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds," teems with luxuriant imagery. The fond adjuration, "Come night! come Romeo! *come thou day in night*!" expresses that fulness of enthusiastic admiration for her lover, which possesses her whole soul; but expresses it as only Juliet could or would have expressed it—in a bold and beautiful metaphor. Let it be remembered that in this speech Juliet is not supposed to be addressing an audience, nor even a confidante; and I

confess I have been shocked at the utter want of taste and refinement in those who, with coarse derision, or in a spirit of prudery, yet more gross and perverse, have dared to comment on this beautiful "Hymn to the Night," breathed out by Juliet in the silence and solitude of her chamber. She is thinking aloud; it is the young heart "triumphing to itself in words." In the midst of all the vehemence with which she calls upon the night to bring Romeo to her arms, there is something so almost infantine in her perfect simplicity, so playful and fantastic in the imagery and language, that the charm of sentiment and innocence is thrown over the whole; and her impatience, to use her own expression, is truly that of "a child before a festival, that hath new robes and may not wear them." It is at the very moment too that her whole heart and fancy are abandoned to blissful anticipation, that the nurse enters with the news of Romeo's banishment; and the immediate transition from rapture to despair has a most powerful effect. . . .

It is in truth a tale of love and sorrow, not of anguish and terror. We behold the catastrophe afar off with scarcely a wish to avert it. Romeo and Juliet *must* die: their destiny is fulfilled; they have quaffed off the cup of life, with all its infinite of joys and agonies, in one intoxicating draught. What have they to do more upon this earth? Young, innocent, loving and beloved, they descend together into the tomb; but Shakspeare has made that tomb a shrine of martyred and sainted affection consecrated for the worship of all hearts—not a dark charnel vault, haunted by spectres of pain, rage, and desperation. Romeo and Juliet are pictured lovely in death as in life; the sympathy they inspire does not oppress us with that suffocating sense of horror which in the altered tragedy makes the fall of the curtain a relief; but all pain is lost in the tenderness and poetic beauty of the picture.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Mercutio.

These few lines contain all that Arthur Brooke provides in the way of suggestion of the character of Mercutio—effectually nothing—the scene is the hall:—

"At th' one side of her chair her lover Romeo,
And on the other side there sate one called Mercutio;
A courtier that each where was highly had in price,
For he was courteous of his speech and pleasant of device;
Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio to behold.
With friendly gripe he seized fair Juliet's snowish hand—
A gift he had that nature gave him in his swathing-band,
That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold
As were his hands, though near the fire he did them hold."

Thus far, however, the contrast with the grasp of Romeo is continued in the play, that Mercutio is the most decided foil to his more refined and delicately gifted spirit. In vivacity and liveliness he may be his equal, and he is endowed with an aptness for excitement and a flow of fantastic associations that, in the absence of sentiment, are the first though insufficient conditions of poetical invention; but his fancy tends to be overborne by fluency as his mirth by boisterousness; he is a gay companion and a ready partisan, but lax not to the verge but to the very limits of coarseness in his talk. It is this very characteristic that renders him indispensable, for such things are, and only by admitting a glimpse of them can art define their opposites, and if Mercutio, on the one side, and the old nurse, on the other, are to be tongue-tied where they would talk most willingly and freely, a glory will fade from the angel brightness of Juliet and the graceful sprightliness of Romeo, and the very ardour of their wishes run the risk of degradation by the withdrawal of a background necessary for guiding to the true scale of intervals and intensities from best

to worst. Even Tybalt himself is scarcely so gratuitous a brawler as Mercutio, but he lends a dignity to his victim by the contrast of entire destitution of finer accomplishments; he is a mere type of practised aptness for feuds and animosities. Mercutio draws from himself in his jesting imputation of quarrelsomeness to Benvolio, and there is a spirit of prophecy in his words that if there were two such there would be speedily none—fulfilled when his slayer Tybalt himself so soon is slain.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

In the fourth scene we have Mercutio introduced to us. O! how shall I describe that exquisite ebullience and overflow of youthful life, wafted on over the laughing waves of pleasure and prosperity, as a wanton beauty that distorts the face on which she knows her lover is gazing enraptured, and wrinkles her forehead in the triumph of its smoothness! Wit ever wakeful, fancy busy and procreative as an insect, courage, an easy mind that, without cares of its own, is at once disposed to laugh away those of others, and yet to be interested in them—these and all congenial qualities, melting into the common *copula* of them all, the man of rank and the gentleman, with all its excellences and all its weaknesses, constitute the character of Mercutio!

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

VI.

The Nurse.

The Nurse is in some respects another edition of Mrs Quickly, though in a different binding. The character has a tone of reality that almost startles us on a first acquaintance. She gives the impression of a literal transcript from actual life; which is doubtless owing in part to the predominance of memory in her mind, causing

her to think and speak of things just as they occurred; as in her account of Juliet's age, where she cannot go on without bringing in all the accidents and impertinences which stand associated with the subject. And she has a way of repeating the same thing in the same words, so that it strikes us as a fact cleaving to her thoughts, and exercising a sort of fascination over them: it seems scarce possible that any but a real person should be so enslaved to actual events.

This general passiveness to what is going on about her naturally makes her whole character "smell of the shop." And she has a certain vulgarized air of rank and refinement, as if, priding herself on the confidence of her superiors, she had caught and assimilated their manners to her own vulgar nature. In this mixture of refinement and vulgarity, both elements are made the worse for being together; for, like all those who ape their betters, she exaggerates whatever she copies; or, borrowing the proprieties of those above her, she turns them into their opposite, because she has no *sense* of propriety. Without a particle of truth, or honour, or delicacy; one to whom life has no sacredness, virtue no beauty, love no holiness; a woman, in short, without womanhood; she abounds, however, in serviceable qualities; has just that low servile prudence which at once fits her to be an instrument, and makes her proud to be used as such. Yet she acts not so much from a positive disregard of right as from a lethargy of conscience; or as if her soul had run itself into a sort of moral dry-rot through a leak at the mouth.

Accordingly, in her basest acts she never dreams but that she is a pattern of virtue. And because she is thus unconscious and, as it were, innocent of her own vices, therefore Juliet thinks her free from them, and suspects not but that beneath her petulant vulgar loquacity she has a vein of womanly honour and sensibility. For she has, in her way, a real affection for Juliet; whatsoever would give pleasure to herself, that she will do anything

to compass for her young mistress; and, until love and marriage become the question, there has never been anything to disclose the essential oppugnancy of their natures. When, however, in her noble agony, Juliet appeals to the Nurse for counsel, and is met with the advice to marry Paris, she sees at once what her soul is made of; that her former praises of Romeo were but the offspring of a sensual pruriency easing itself with talk; that in her long life she has gained only that sort of experience which works the debasement of its possessor; and that she knows less than nothing of love and marriage, because she has worn their prerogatives without any feeling of their sacredness.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Friar Laurence.

Friar Laurence is full of goodness and natural piety, a monk such as Spinoza or Goethe would have loved, an undogmatic sage, with the astuteness and benevolent Jesuitism of an old confessor—brought up on the milk and bread of philosophy, not on the fiery liquors of religious fanaticism.

It is very characteristic of the freedom of spirit which Shakespeare early acquired, in the sphere in which freedom was then hardest of attainment, that this monk is drawn with so delicate a touch, without the smallest ill-will towards conquered Catholicism, yet without the smallest leaning towards Catholic doctrine—the emancipated creation of an emancipated poet. The Poet here rises immeasurably above his original, Arthur Brooke, who, in his naïvely moralising "Address to the Reader," makes the Catholic religion mainly responsible for the impatient passion of Romeo and Juliet and the disasters which result from it.

It would be to misunderstand the whole spirit of the play if we were to reproach Friar Laurence with the not only romantic but preposterous nature of the means he adopts to help the lovers—the sleeping-potion administered to Juliet. This Shakespeare simply accepted from his original, with his usual indifference to external detail.

The Poet has placed in the mouth of Friar Laurence a tranquil life-philosophy, which he first expresses in general terms, and then applies to the case of the lovers. He enters his cell with a basket full of herbs from the garden. Some of them have curative properties, others contain death-dealing juices; a plant which has a sweet and salutary smell may be poisonous to the taste; for good and evil are but two sides to the same thing (II. iii.):—

> "Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
> And vice sometimes 's by action dignified.
> Within the infant rind of this sweet flower
> Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
> For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
> Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
> Two such opposed kings encamp them still
> In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will;
> And where the worser is predominant,
> Full soon the canker death eats up that plant."

When Romeo, immediately before the marriage, defies sorrow and death in the speech beginning (II. vi.):—

> "Amen, Amen! but come what sorrow can,
> It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
> That one short minute gives me in her sight,"

Laurence seizes the opportunity to apply his view of life. He fears this overflowing flood-tide of happiness, and expounds his philosophy of the golden mean—that wisdom of old age which is summed up in the cautious maxim, "Love me little, love me long." Here it is that he utters the above-quoted words as to the violent ends

ensuing on violent delights, like the mutual destruction wrought by the kiss of fire and gunpowder.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Paris.

Some critics have thought the good Friar a herald of the Poet's intentions, through whose mouth Shakspeare is supposed to inform us that his poem is by no means a "hymn of praise," a "deification" of love, but on the contrary, that it is meant to show us that love is only a "happy intoxication," only a "flower liked for its sweet smell, the poison of which, when taken as food, will work fatally upon the heart." . . .

The intention, attributed to Shakspeare, is rather to be found in the character of Count Paris. It has been asked, what need is there, at all, for Count Paris and his love affair, and more particularly for the fight between him and Romeo? It is said that his death by the hand of the latter is obviously quite superfluous, wanting in motive, and as meaningless as a mere sensational scene. In answer to this it might at once be said, that nothing is superfluous that gives a clearer insight into the character of the principal hero, and that it must continue to be more fully and definitely unfolded throughout all the incidents of the action. But the chief reason for the death of the calm, cold, prosaic Count lies in his flat, dull and heartless conception of love, in his purposing to bargain with the parents for the beauty and amiability of their daughter—without first consulting the inclinations of her heart—in consideration of his rank, position and untried virtue. This is why the divine power of love, as it were, takes its revenge upon him; his manner of loving, therefore, forms the organic contrast of Romeo's and Juliet's passion; his fate is meant to show us that the Poet, in representing the tragic fate of the great,

beautiful and poetic passion, had no idea of speaking in behalf of common prose.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

IX.

Tybalt.

Tybalt is the evil genius of discord set over against Romeo, the loving and the beloved. In the poem, Tybalt does not, as in the play, figure at the masquerade: he is not even alluded to as being there. In the poem, a month or twain after the marriage of the lovers, which has been kept a secret, he attacks Romeo when the latter attempts to allay the strife, simply because he is a Montague, not from any special offence. But in the play, Tybalt, previous to his fatal encounter with Romeo, is specially enraged against him, for his bold and, as he regards it, insulting intrusion at the masquerade. . . .

In the play, the heat of the day on which Romeo and Juliet are married is not yet over, when Tybalt, brooding upon the insult conceived the previous night at the ball, meets with Romeo's friends, Mercutio and Benvolio (III. i. 40). The personal encounter which soon follows takes the place of the general fray we have in the poem, a month or twain after the marriage. In comparing the play with the poem, we are helped to see, but it is plain to see without such outside help, at what special pains, pains which have gone for nothing with some commentators, the Poet was, to exhibit the sweetly gentle character of Romeo (and he has a true manly valor, withal; he's no coward), and perfectly to justify his slaying of Tybalt. There's not the slightest rashness in the act. What he does he does when forbearance ceases to be a virtue. . . . Romeo has patiently endured Tybalt's treatment of himself, by reason of his marriage with Juliet, his love for her being reflected upon her kinsman; but when his friend Mercutio is slain in his

behalf, and the furious Tybalt comes back again, he exclaims: "Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain! Away to heaven, respective lenity" (that is, the lenity he has thus far shown, out of regard to his relationship to Tybalt, by his marriage with Juliet), "and fire-eyed fury be my conduct now" (that is, conductor or guide)! "Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, that late thou gavest me."

CORSON: *An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare.*

X.

The Tragedy of Love.

What can be more truthful than the love of Romeo and Juliet, so young, so ardent, so unreflecting, full at once of physical passion and of moral tenderness, without restraint, and yet without coarseness, because delicacy of heart ever combines with the transports of the senses! There is nothing subtle or factitious in it, and nothing cleverly arranged by the Poet; it is neither the pure love of piously exalted imaginations, nor the licentious love of palled and perverted lives; it is love itself—love complete, involuntary and sovereign, as it bursts forth in early youth, in the heart of man, at once simple and diverse, as God made it. *Romeo and Juliet* is truly the tragedy of love, as *Othello* is that of jealousy, and *Macbeth* that of ambition. . . . Wherever they are not disfigured by conceits, the lines in *Romeo and Juliet* are perhaps the most graceful and brilliant that ever flowed from Shakspeare's pen.

GUIZOT: *Shakspeare and His Times.*

Romeo and Juliet is a picture of love and its pitiable fate, in a world whose atmosphere is too sharp for this the tenderest blossom of human life. Two beings created for each other feel mutual love at the first glance; every

consideration disappears before the irresistible impulse to live in one another. . . . They unite themselves by a secret marriage, under circumstances in the highest degree hostile to their union, relying simply on the protection of an invisible power. By unfriendly events, following blow upon blow, their heroic constancy is exposed to all manner of trials, till, forcibly separated from each other, they are united in the grave to meet again in another world.

All this is to be found in the beautiful story which Shakespeare has not invented, and which, however simply told, will always excite a tender sympathy; but it was reserved for Shakespeare to unite purity of heart and the glow of imagination, sweetness and dignity of manners, and passionate violence, in one ideal picture. Under his handling, it has become a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses into soul, while at the same time it is a melancholy elegy on its inherent and imparted frailty; it is at once the apotheosis and the funeral of love. It appears here a heavenly spark that, descending to the earth, is converted into a lightning-flash, by which the mortal being whom it strikes is almost in the same moment set on fire and consumed.

All that is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, all that is languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, breathes forth from this poem. But even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, does it from the first timidly-bold declaration and modest return of love hurry on to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; and then hastens, amidst alternating storms of rapture and despair, to the fate of the two lovers, who still appear enviable in their hard lot, for their love survives them, and by their death they have obtained an endless triumph over every separating power.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

In the hands of previous tellers the story had gathered one after another the motley figures which compose this alien *milieu*:—Bandello's Benvolio with his temperate counsels against love; Brooke's Nurse, with her vulgar parody of it; and now Shakespeare's Mercutio, transfixing love with the shafts of his cynical and reckless wit, a gayer but not less effective negation of romance. But Shakespeare has made the other negations of calm reason and of Philistine grossness sharper and even more decisive than he found them. The Nurse, the Capulet father and mother, are all recognisable in Brooke: Shakespeare alone makes us feel the tragic loneliness of Juliet in their midst; and that not less by his ruthless insistence on every mean and vulgar trait in them, than by the flamelike purity and intensity in which he has invested Juliet herself. Brooke's Juliet is a conventional heroine of romance, distinguished from other heroines only by the particular cast of her experiences, and not palpably superior to her father, whose unreason even acquires from Brooke's rhetoric a certain Roman dignity of invective. Shakespeare's Juliet resembles an ideal creation of Raphael or Lionardo environed in the bustling domestic scenery, the Flemish plenty and prose, of Teniers or Ostade. We are spared no poignancy of contrast. The last rich cadences of the lovers' dawn-song die into the bluster of old Capulet; and Juliet's sublime "Romeo, I come!" is immediately succeeded by the rattling of keys and dishes, and cooks calling for dates and quinces in the "pastry."

Thus Shakespeare at once heightened the tragic antagonism of Romeo and Juliet's world and the lyric fervour of passion which sweeps them athwart it. The entire weight of the tragic effect is thrown upon the clashing dissonance of the human elements. In this earliest of the tragedies, alone among them all, there is no guilt, no deliberate contriving of harm. Far from suggesting a moral, Shakespeare seems to contemplate with a kind of fatalist awe the mixture of elements from

which so profound a convulsion ensues. He eliminates every pretext for regarding the catastrophe as a retribution upon the lovers. Their love violates no moral law: it springs imperiously from their youth, and Shakespeare has here significantly gone beyond his source and endowed his Juliet with the single-souled girlhood of fourteen; neither of them dreams of any illicit union, and their marriage runs counter only to the unnatural feud between their houses. The chief agent in their tragic doom is the one wise and actively benign character in the play. The imposing figure of Friar Laurence, so clearly congenial to the Poet, has tempted some critics, like Gervinus and Kreyssig, to regard him as a chorus. . . . Juliet's glorious womanhood is the creation of her love; Romeo, a weaker nature, retains more infirmity, yet he too stands out in heroic stature against the suitor *par convenance*, Paris, and the quondam wooer of Rosalinde. It is easy to dwell upon his despair at banishment, his fatal errors of judgement, as when he fails to suspect life in Juliet's still warm and rosy form. But to suppose that he is unmanned by his love of Juliet contradicts the whole tenour of Shakespeare's implicit teaching. Passion for a Cressida or a Cleopatra saps the nerve of Troilus and Antony; but nowhere does Shakespeare represent a man as made less manly by absolute soul-service of a true woman: rather, this was a condition of that "marriage of true minds" to which, in his loftiest sonnet, he refused to "admit impediments."

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare did not intend to represent more than a fragment of human life in the tragedy. He did not aim at a criticism of the whole of human character; he cared to show us his hero and his heroine only as lovers, and as exemplary in the perfection of their love; faithful even unto death; choosing, with a final election of the heart, love at all costs. Here is no view of the whole of

life; we are shown merely what befell a young pair of lovers during four days long ago in Verona. But Shakespeare felt, and we all feel, that if such love as theirs can be taken up into a complete character, modified and controlled by the other noble qualities which go to form a large and generous nature, the world will be the better for such pure and sacred passion. Such, it appears to me, are the ethics of the play.

And the personages by whom the lovers are encircled are so conceived as to become the critics of ideal love from their several points of view, honouring and exalting it by the inadequacy of their criticism. To old Capulet, in his mood, it seems that the passions of the heart are to be determined by parental authority. To Lady Capulet marriage is an affair of wordly convenience. To the Nurse it is the satisfaction of a pleasurable instinct. Mercutio, a gallant friend, is too brilliant in his intellectuality to be capable of a passion in which the heart shows that it is superior to the brain; he mocks at love, not because he really scorns it, but because he is remote from it, and cherishes before all else his free-lance liberty. The Friar views human passion from the quietudes of the cloister, or from amid the morning dew of the fields; but botany is not the science of human life. Even Romeo's earlier self, with his amorous melancholy, becomes the critic of his later self, when a true and final election has been made, and when love has become the risen sun of his day. As for Juliet, her words—

> My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
> My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
> The more I have, for both are infinite,

may serve for an inscription beneath that statue of pure gold of which Shakespeare was the artist.

DOWDEN: *Romeo and Juliet.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ESCALUS, *prince of Verona.*
PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.*
MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses at variance with each*
CAPULET, } *other.*
An old man, of the Capulet family.
ROMEO, *son to Montague.*
MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.*
BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*
TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*
FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*
FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*
BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*
SAMPSON, } *servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }
PETER, *servant to Juliet's nurse.*
ABRAHAM, *servant to Montague.*
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*
LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*
JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; kinsfolk of both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *Verona; Mantua.*

The Tragedy of
Romeo and Juliet.

The Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we 'll not carry coals.
Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.
Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we 'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.
Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.
Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.
Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.
Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.
Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.
Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.
Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.
Gre. The heads of the maids?
Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.
Gre. They must take in sense that feel it.
Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.
Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Enter Abraham and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?
Sam. Fear me not.
Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!
Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.
Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.
Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?
Gre. No.
Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.
Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?
Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.
Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.
Abr. No better.
Sam. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gre. [*Aside to Sam.*] Say 'better': here comes one of my master's kinsmen.
Sam. Yes, better, sir.
Abr. You lie.
Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*
Ben. Part, fools! [*Beating down their weapons.*
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.
Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.
Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens and Peace-officers, with clubs.

First Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!
La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?
Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not, let me go.
La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me:
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of our adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad:
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made: but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.
Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?
Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you step aside,
I 'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let 's away.
[*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*
Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out—
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here 's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he 's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will.
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she 's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she 'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit,
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is strucken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I 'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
My will to her consent is but a part:
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,

Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-appareil'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view, of many mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to be learned. In good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning.
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.
Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read anything you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.'

A fair assembly: whither should they come?
Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither?
Serv. To supper; to our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.
Serv. Now I 'll tell you without asking: my master

is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of
the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush
a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires:
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

Rom. I 'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where 's my daughter? call her forth to
me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,

I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—Where 's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret:—nurse, come back again:
I have remember'd me, thou 's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter 's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She 's not fourteen.

Nurse. I 'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me:—but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen:
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband,—God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man—took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.'
To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay':
And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly:
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted, and said 'Ay.'

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:

An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief;
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another leads content;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story:

So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger: women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I 'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servingman.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servingman.*] Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers, and Torch-bearers.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We 'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We 'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burthen love:
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love:
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels:
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase:
I 'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun 's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If thou art dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that 's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-lock in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,

Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves:
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A hall in Capulet's house.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen, with napkins.

First Serv. Where 's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane: and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Third Serv. We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*

Enter Capulet, with Juliet and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you:
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She, I 'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By 'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*To a Servingman*] What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I 'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I 'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You 'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,
You 'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you 'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy: is 't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or— More light, more light! For shame!
I 'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall. [*Exit.*

Rom. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purged.
[*Kissing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let 's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I 'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What 's he that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What 's he that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What 's this? what 's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within* 'Juliet.'
Nurse. Anon, anon!
Come let 's away; the strangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers used to swear:
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo, alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise:
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I 'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove';
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under the medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night: I 'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid are far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What 's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What 's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond:
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all:
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
[*Nurse calls within.*
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I 'll procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly.*

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Romeo!

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that 's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That 's my good son: but where hast thou been then?

Rom. I 'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That 's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine:
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
I 'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall when there 's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I 'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye: shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he 's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there 's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That 's as much as to say, Such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I 'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here 's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad'; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for

love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here 's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan 's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to

mar,' quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.*

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we 'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*Singing*] 'lady, lady, lady.' [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself

talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I 'll take him down, an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. [*Turning to Peter*] And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I 'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man 's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—
Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—
O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but I 'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name; R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter —and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*] Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that 's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours; yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary; give me leave a while.
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunce have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I 'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,—ah, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'

Nurse. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here 's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark;
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight

But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.
Go; I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A public place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let 's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellow that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table, and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the

second cup draws it on the drawer when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.
Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.
Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.
Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?
Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—
Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here 's my fiddlestick; here 's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!
Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.
Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.
Mer. But I 'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he 'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him man.
Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.
Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none:
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.
Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets:
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!
[*Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio and flies with his followers.*

Mer. I am hurt;
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too: your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman: O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio 's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.
[They fight; Tybalt falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens, etc.

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their Wives, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning: for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt*

Scene II.

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Toward Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,

And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks
With thy black mantle, till strange love grown bold
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he 's dead, he 's dead, he 's dead.
We are undone, lady, we are undone.
Alack the day! he 's gone, he 's kill'd, he 's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'
And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an I,
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer 'I.'
If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse:
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood: I swounded at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There 's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where 's my man? give me some aqua vitæ:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt 's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished;'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt 's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved?

But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished': to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished.'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I 'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I 'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I 'll to him: he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death':
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. L. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then 'banished'
Is death mis-term'd: calling death 'banished,'
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,

But Romeo may not: more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished:
This may flies do, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished:
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But 'banished' to kill me?—'Banished'?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell:
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I 'll give thee armour to keep off that word:
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
[*Knocking within.*

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.
[*Knocking.*

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who 's there? Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up;
[*Knocking.*
Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,
What simpleness is this!—I come, I come!
[*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what 's your will?

Nurse. [*Within*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where 's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,

Just in her case!

Fri. L. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death 's the end of all.

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man

Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth?
Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man; thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!
My lord, I 'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!

Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I 'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late; she 'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow; 10
To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon; 20
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We 'll keep no great ado; a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we 'll have some half-a-dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by:
Good night. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo and Juliet, above, at the window.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I 'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is 't, my soul? let 's talk: it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division:
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light: more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I 'll descend.
[*Descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exit.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is 't that calls? it is my lady mother!
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La Cap. That is because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I 'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I 'll find such a man.
But now I 'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs:

Who raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.

Cap. How, how! how, how! chop-logic! What is this?
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not';
And yet 'not proud': mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer 'I 'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
But, an you will not wed, I 'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,

For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to 't, bethink you: I 'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I 'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he 's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo 's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.
Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. And from my soul too;
Else beshrew them both.
Jul. Amen!
Nurse. What?
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.
Nurse. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I 'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That 's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*

Jul. O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I 'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to 'scape from it;
And, if thou darest, I 'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest:
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life:
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I 'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two Servingmen.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.
[*Exit First Servant.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir, for I 'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. [*Exit Sec. Servant.*
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I 'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell,
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well: stand up:
This is as 't should be. Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we 'll to church to-morrow.
[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I 'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;
I 'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Juliet's chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I 'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.
[*Laying down a dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there 's a fearful point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad:
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*

Scene IV.

Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.
Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.
Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.
Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.
La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*
Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Now, fellow,
What 's there?
First Serv. Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First Serv.*] Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. [*Exit Sec. Serv.*] Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. [*Music within.*] I hear him near.
Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I 'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste: the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Juliet's chamber.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He 'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
[*Undraws the curtains.*
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady 's dead!
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some aqua-vitæ, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee.
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She 's dead, deceased, she 's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day, she 's dead, she 's dead, she 's dead!
Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she 's cold;
Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain,
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now

To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried!

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She 's not well married that lives married long,
But she 's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.
[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease:' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

First Mus. Why 'Heart's ease'?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe:' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

First Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

First Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I 'll re you, I 'll fa you; do you note me?

First Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat

you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

'When griping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound'—

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'?—What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say, 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding:

'Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.' [*Exit.*

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we 'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Mantua. A street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,

And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter Balthasar, booted.

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I 'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit Balthasar.*
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let 's see for means:—O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts a' dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have

A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar John.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I 'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:

She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A churchyard; in it a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground:
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.
[*Retires.*
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.—
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
[*The Page whistles.*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, a while.
[*Retires.*

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, mattock, etc.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady's face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable by far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*Aside*] For all this same, I 'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

And in despite I 'll cram thee with more food.
[*Opens the tomb.*

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
[*Comes forward.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone: live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!
[*They fight.*

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.
[*Exit.*

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!

What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I 'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth;
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying Paris in the monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,

And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
Here 's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar Laurence, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who 's there?

Bal. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there 's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then; I 'll go alone: fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo! [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the tomb.*
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am: where is my Romeo?
[*Noise within.*

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead
And Paris too: come, I 'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet: I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
[*Exit Fri. L.*

What 's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm.

First Watch. [*Within*] Lead, boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I 'll be brief. O happy dagger!
[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rust, and let me die. [*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

Sec. Watch. Here 's Romeo's man: we found him in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter Friar Laurence, and another Watchman.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard's side.
First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad? 190
La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.
Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?
First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain:
And Romeo dead: and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them fit to open 200
These dead men's tombs.
Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!
La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Princc. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Princc. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.

Princc. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And with wild looks bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,

Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she too desperate would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before his time
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where 's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua

To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.* 310

Glossary.

A, one, the same; II. iv. 213.
A', he; I. iii. 40.
Abused, disfigured; IV. i. 29.
Adam cupid (*v.* Note); II. i. 13.
Advanced, raised; V. iii. 96.
Adventure, venture; II. ii. 84.
Advise, consider, think over it; III. v. 192.
Afeard, afraid; II. ii. 139.
Affecting, affected; II. iv. 29.
Affections, inclinations; I. i. 125.
Affray, frighten; III. v. 33.
Afore, before; II. iv. 166.
Afore me, "by my life"; III. iv. 34.
Against, in preparation of; III. iv. 32.
Agate-stone, figures cut in the agate-stone, much worn in rings; I. iv. 55.
All along, at your full length; V. iii. 3.
All so soon, as soon (*all* used intensively); I. i. 132.
Ambling, moving in an affected manner (used contemptuously); I. iv. 11.
Ambuscadoes, ambuscades; I. iv. 84.
Amerce, punish; III. i. 192.
An, if; I. i. 4.
An if, if; V. i. 50.
Ancient, old, aged; II. iii. 74.
Antic face, quaint mask; I. v. 58.
Apace, quickly; II. iv. 223.
Ape, a term of endearment or pity; II. i. 16.
Appertaining rage to, rage belonging to; II. i. 64.
Apt to, ready for; III. i. 43.
Apt unto, ready for; III. iii. 157.
As, as if; II. v. 16.
——, namely; IV. iii. 39.
Ascend, ascend to; III. iii. 147.
Aspired, mounted to; III. i. 119.
Associate, accompany; V. ii. 6.
As that, as to that heart; II. ii. 124.
Athwart, across, over [so Quarto 1; Quartos, Folios, *"ouer"*]; I. iv. 58.
Atomies = atoms, little creatures as tiny as atoms [Quarto 1, *"Atomi"*; Quarto 2, *"ottamie"*]; I. iv. 57.
Attach, arrest; V. iii. 173.
Attending, attentive; II. ii. 167.

Baked meats, pastry; IV. iv. 5.
Bandy, beat to and fro, hurry; II. v. 14.
Bandying, contending, quarrelling; III. i. 90.
Banquet, dessert; I. v. 24.
Bare, lean, poor; V. i. 68.
——, did bare; V. ii. 13.

Bating, to flap or flutter the wings; a term in falconry (Steevens' emendation; Quartos 2, 3, Folios 1, 2, 3, "bayting"); III. ii. 14.

Bear a brain, have a good memory; I. iii. 29.

Becomed, becoming; IV. ii. 26.

Behoveful, befitting, becoming; IV. iii. 8.

Bent, inclination, disposition; II. ii. 143.

Bepaint, paint; II. ii. 86.

Bescreen'd, screened; hidden; II. ii. 52.

Betossed, deeply agitated; V. iii. 76.

Better temper'd, of better quality; III. iii. 115.

Bill, "a kind of pike or halberdt, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen"; I. i. 72.

Bite my thumb; I. i. 41. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Blaze, make known; III. iii. 151.

Blazon, trumpet forth; II. vi. 26.

Brace, couple; V. iii. 295.

Brief, briefly; III. iii. 174.

Broad goose; "far and wide a b. g.," prob. = far and wide abroad, a goose (some lost allusion perhaps underlies the quibble); II. iv. 88.

Broken, cracked; I. ii. 53.

Brow, face, countenance (Collier MS. and Singer MS., "*bow*"; III. v. 20.

Burn daylight, "a proverbial expression used when candles are lighted in the daytime" (Steevens); hence, superfluous actions in general; here "waste time"; I. iv. 43.

Butt-shaft, "a kind of arrow used for shooting at butts; formed without a barb, so as to be easily extracted" (Nares); II. iv. 16.

By and by, directly; II. ii. 152.



From Jacques Lagniet's *Recueil des plus Illustrés Proverbes* (*c.* 1650).

By my fay, by my faith (a slight oath); I. v. 127.

By my troth, by my truth, on my word; II. iv. 119.

By the rood, by the cross (a slight oath); I. iii. 36.

Catiff, wretched, miserable; V. i. 52.

Canker, canker-worm; II. iii. 30.

Captain of compliments, "complete master of all the laws of ceremony"; II. iv. 20.

Carry coals, endure affronts (the carriers of coal, prob. charcoal, were the lowest menials; *cp.* "blackguard," originally the attendants upon the royal household's progress); I. i. 1.

Chapless, without jaws; IV. i. 83.

Charge, weight; V. ii. 18.

Cheerly, cheerily; I. v. 16.

Cheveril, the skin of the kid; II. iv. 84.

Chinks, a popular term for *money*; I. v. 118.

Chap-logic, sophist; III. v. 150.

Circumstance, details; II. v. 36.

Civil, sober, grave; III. ii. 10.

Close, closely, very near; III. i. 40.

Closed, enclosed; I. iv. 110.

Closely, secretly; V. iii. 255.

Closet, chamber; IV. ii. 33.

Cockatrice (called also basilisk); the fabulous serpent, said to kill by a look; III. ii. 47.

Cock-a-hoop; "set c.-a-h.," *i.e.* pick a quarrel; I. v. 82.

Cockerel, young cock; I. iii. 53.

Coil, ado, confusion; II. v. 67.

Coldly, coolly, calmly; III. i. 53.

Come near ye, hit it; I. v. 21.

Comfortable, helpful, full of comfort; V. iii. 148.

Commission, warrant; IV. i. 64.

Concealed, "secretly married"; III. iii. 98.

Conceit, imagination; II. vi. 30.

Concludes, ends; III. i. 187.

Conduct, conductor; V. iii. 116.

Conduit, referring to the human figures on wells which spouted water; III. v. 130.

Confounds, destroys; II. vi. 13.

Conjurations, entreaties (Quarto 2, "*commiration*"; Quarto 3, Folio 1, "*commisseration*"; Capell, "*conjuration,* etc.") ; V. iii. 68.

Consort, used with play on the two meanings of the word (i.) a company of musicians, (ii.) associate, keep company; III. i. 47.

——, consort with, keep company with; III. i. 132.

Consorted, associated; II. i. 31.

Consort'st, dost keep company; III. i. 46.

Content thee, keep your temper; I. v. 66.

Contrary, contradict, oppose; I. v. 86.

Convoy, conveyance; II. iv. 196.

Corse, corpse; III. ii. 128.

Cot-quean, a man who busies himself with women's business; IV. iv. 6.

Counterfeit; "gave the c.," played a trick; II. iv. 48.

Countervail, balance; II. vi. 4.

County, count; I. iii. 106.

Court-cupboard, side-board for setting out plate; I. v. 8.

Courtship, courtliness; III. iii. 34.

Cousin, a term used for any kinsman or kinswoman; I. v. 31.

Cover, book-cover; used with a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, who is styled a *femme couverte* (*feme covert*) in law French (Mason); I. iii. 88.

Cross, perverse; IV. iii. 5.

——, thwart, hinder; V. iii. 20.

Crotchets, used with play upon both senses of the word (i.) whims, fancies, (ii.) notes in music; IV. v. 120.

Crow, crow-bar; V. ii. 21.

Crow-keeper, scarecrow; I. iv. 6.

Crush a cup (*cp.* modern phrase *crack a bottle*); I. ii. 82.

Cunning, skill, art; II. ii. 101.

Cures with, is cured by; I. ii. 49.

Curfew-bell, the bell ordinarily used for the ringing of the curfew at night; IV. iv. 4.

Cynthia, the moon; III. v. 20.

Damnation; "ancient d.," old sinner; III. v. 235.

Dared, challenged; used with play upon the two senses of the word; II. iv. 12.

Dares, ventures; II. iv. 12.

Date, time, duration; I. iv. 108.

Date is out, time has long gone by, is out of fashion; I. iv. 3.

Dateless, without date, without limit; V. iii. 115.

Dear, true (Quarto 1. "*meere*"); III. iii. 28.

——, important; V. ii. 19.

Death, to death; III. i. 136.

Defence, defensive weapons; III. iii. 134.

Demesnes, landed estates (Folio 4, "*demeans*"); III. v. 182.

Deny, refuse; I. v. 20.

Depart, go away, part; III. i. 54.

Defend, impend; III. i. 121.

Desperate, reckless; III. iv. 12.

Despite, defiance; V. iii. 48.

Determine of, decide; III. ii. 51.

Dew-dropping south, rainy south (it was a common belief that all diseases and noxious vapours came from the south); I. iv. 103.

Digressing, deviating; III. iii. 127.

Discover, reveal; III. i. 144.

Discovered, betrayed; II. ii. 106.

Dislike, displease; II. ii. 61.

Disparagement, injury, harm; I. v. 72.

Displant, transplant; III. iii. 59.

Dispute, argue, reason (Folios 1, 2, "*dispaire*"; Folios 3, 4, "*despair*"); III. iii. 63.

Distemperature, disease; II. iii. 40.

Distemper'd, diseased; II. iii. 33.

Distraught, distracted; IV. iii. 49.

Division, variation, modulation; III. v. 29.

Doctrine, instruction; I. i. 236.

Doff, put off; II. ii. 47.

Doubt, fear, distrust; V. iii. 44.

Drave, did drive, urged (Quarto 2, "*driue*"); I. i. 119.

Drift, plan, scheme; IV. i. 114.
Dry-beat, thrash; III. i. 80.
Dump, a melancholy strain in music; IV. v. 108.
Dun's the mouse, keep still (a proverbial expression not yet explained); *v.* Note; I. iv.

Elf-locks, hair supposed to be matted together by the elves (Quartos 2, 3, Folio 1, "*Elk-locks*"); I. iv. 90.
Empty, hungry; V. iii. 39.
Encounter, meeting; II. vi. 29.
Endart, dart [Quarto 1, "*engage*"; Pope, "*ingage*"]; I. iii. 98.
Enforce, force; V. iii. 47.
Enpierced, pierced through; I. iv. 19.
Entrance (trisyllabic); I. iv. 8.
Envious, malignant; III. ii. 40.
Ethiop, a native of Ethiopia; I. v. 48.
Evening mass, the practice of saying mass *in the afternoon* lingered on for some time; IV. i. 38.
Expire, end; I. iv. 109.
Extremes, extremities, sufferings; IV. i. 62.
Extremity; "everything in e.." *i.e.* at a desperate pass; I. iii. 103.

Fain, gladly; II. ii. 88.
Fair, fair one, beautiful woman; Prol. II. 3.
Fantasticoes, coxcombs [Capell's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos 2, 3, 4, Folios 1, 2, "*phantacies*"; Quarto 5, Folios 3, 4, "*phantasies*"; Collier MS., "*phantastickes*"]; II. iv. 29.
Farewell compliment, away with ceremony; II. ii. 89.
Fearful, full of fear; III. iii. 1.
Feeling, heartfelt; III. v. 75.
Fee-simple, hereditary and unconditional property; III. i. 34.
Festering, rotting; IV. iii. 43.
Fettle, prepare; III. v. 154.
Fine, penalty (Warburton's emendation of Quartos, Folios, "*sinne*" and "*sin*"); I. v. 96.
First house, "first rank among duellists," or, "of the best school of fencing"; II. iv. 25.
Fits; "it fits," it is becoming; I. v. 76.
Flecked, spotted [Steevens' reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, "*fleckeld*"; Folio 1, "*fleckled*"; Pope, "*flecker'd*"; Capell, "*flecker'd*"]; II. iii. 3.
Fleer, sneer; I. v. 59.
Flirt-gills, flirting women (*Gill* was a familiar name for a woman); II. iv. 157.
Flowered, alluding probably to the shoes *pinked* or punched with holes; II. iv. 63.
Fond, foolish; III. iii. 52.
Foolish, trifling; I. v. 123.
Forbear, abstain from; III. i. 88.
Form, used with play upon both senses of the word; II. iv. 36.
Forsworn; "be f.," commit perjury; III. v. 197.

Forth, from out of: I. i. 118.
Fortune's fool, the sport of fortune; III. i. 138.
Frank, liberal: II. ii. 131.
Free-town, Villafranca; I. i. 101.
Friend, lover; III. v. 43.
Frighted, frightened, terrified; I. iv. 87.
From, away from, to avoid; III. i. 32.
Furnish, deck; IV. ii. 35.

Gear, matter; II. iv. 103.
Ghostly, spiritual; II. ii. 189.
Give leave, leave us; a courteous form of dismissal; I. iii. 7.
Give you, i.e. retort by calling you; IV. v. 117.
Gleek, scoff (*"give the g.."* to pass a jest upon a person); IV. v. 115.
Glooming, gloomy; V. iii. 305.
God-den, good evening; I. ii. 57.
God gi' god-den, God give you a good evening (Quartos, Folios 1, 2, 3, *"Godgigoden"*; Capell, *"God gi' go' den"*; Collier, *"God gi' good den"*; Staunton, *"God ye good den"*): I. ii. 58.
God save the mark, "originally a phrase used to avert the evil omen = saving your reverence, under your pardon; here 'God have mercy'"; III. ii. 53.
God ye good den, God give you good evening; II. iv. 112.
God ye good morrow, God give you good morning; II. iv. 111.
Good goose, bite not, a proverbial expression (found in Ray's *"Proverbs"*); II. iv. 80.
Goodman boy, a familiar appellation; I. v. 78.
Good pilgrim, I. v. 97. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a sketch by Inigo Jones of the Palmer's dress worn by Romeo in the Masquerade Scene.

Gore; "gore blood" = clotted blood; III. ii. 56.
Grace, virtue, potency; II. iii. 15.
Green earthen pots; V. i. 46.



(*Cp.* the annexed representation of an earthen money pot of Shakespeare's time.)

Grievance, grief, sorrow; I. i. 155.

Gyves, fetters; II. ii. 180.

Hai, a home-thrust in fencing; II. iv. 27.

Hall; "a hall, a hall," make room; I. v. 27.

Hap; "dear h.," good fortune; II. ii. 190.

Harlotry, a term of contempt for a silly wench; IV. ii. 14.

Have at thee, be warned, take care; I. i. 71.

Haviour, behaviour; II. ii. 99.

He, man; V. i. 67.

Healthsome, wholesome; IV. iii. 34.

Heartless, spiritless, cowardly; I. i. 65.

'Heart's ease,' a popular tune of the time; IV. v. 101. (*Cp.* music below.)

High-lone, alone, without help (Quarto 2, "*hylone*"; Quarto 3, "*a lone*"; other editions, "*alone*"); I. iii. 36.

Highmost, highest; II. v. 9.

Hilding, base wretch; III. v. 169.

Hinds, serfs, menials; I. i. 65.

His, its; II. vi. 12; V. iii. 203.

Hoar, hoary, mouldy; II. iv. 135.

Holidame, halidom, salvation (used in swearing); I. iii. 43.

Holp, helped; I. ii. 48.

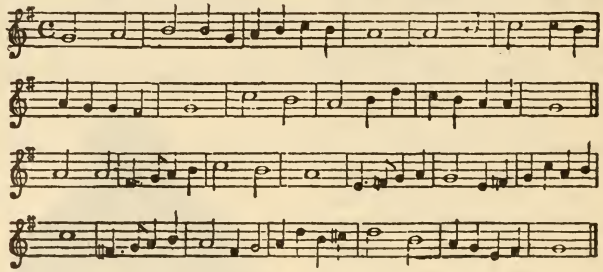
Homely, plain, simple; II. iii. 55.

Honey nurse, a term of endearment; II. v. 18.

Hood, cover with a hood (as the hawk was hooded till let fly at the game); III. ii. 14.

Humorous, moist, capricious (used quibblingly); II. i. 31.

Humour, inclination, bent (Quartos 4, 5, "*humour*"; Quarto 2, "*humor*"; the rest read "*honor*"); I. i. 128.



'*Heart's ease.*'
From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

Heaviness, sorrow; III. iv. 11.

Heavy, sad, troubled; I. i. 135.

Hie you, hasten; II. v. 70.

Hunts-up, "the tune played to wake and collect the hunters"; III. v. 34.

I'll be a candle-holder, I 'll be an idle spectator (a proverbial phrase); I. iv. 38.
Ill-divining, misgiving; III. v. 54.
Impeach, accuse; V. iii. 226.
In, into; V. i. 8.
Inconstant, capricious, fickle; IV. i. 119.
Inherit, possess; I. ii. 30.
Indite, (?) insist on inviting (Quarto 1, Folios 3, 4, "*invite*"); II. iv. 131.
In happy time, à propos, pray tell me; III. v. 112.
It, its; I. iii. 52.

Jack, a term of contempt for a silly fellow; III. i. 12.
Jaunce, jaunt; II. v. 26.
Jealous, in any way suspicious; V. iii. 33.
Jealous-hood, jealousy; IV. iv. 13.
Joint-stools, folding chairs; I. v. 7.
Joy, rejoice; II. ii. 116.

Keep, make; III. iv. 23.
Kindly, exactly, aptly; II. iv. 58.

Label; a seal appended to a deed; IV. i. 57. (*Cp.* the accompanying facsimile of a XVth century deed preserved at Stratford.)
'*Lady, lady, lady,*' a phrase quoted from the old ballad of *Susanna*; II. iv. 147.
Lammas-eve, the day before Lammas-tide, *i.e.* July 31st; I. iii. 17.
Lammas-tide, the 1st of August; I. iii. 15.
Lantern, a turret full of windows; V. iii. 84.
Late, lately; III. i. 128.
Lay, wager, stake; I. iii. 12.
Learn, teach; III. ii. 12.
Learn'd me, taught myself; IV. ii. 17.
Let, hinderance; II. ii. 69.
Level, aim; III. iii. 103.
Lieve, lief, gladly; II. iv. 208.
Like, likely; IV. iii. 36.
Like of, like; I. iii. 96.
List, choose; I. i. 40.
Logger-head, blockhead; IV. iv. 20.
Long; "I. to speak," long in speaking, slow to speak; IV. i. 66.



'*the label to another deed.*'

Long spinners' legs, long-legged spiders; I. iv. 59.

Love, i.e. Venus; II. v. 7.

Mab, the queen of the fairies; I. iv. 53.

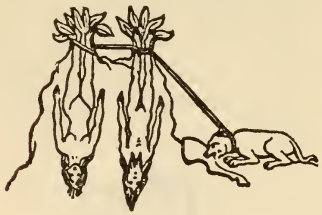
Made, was doing; V. iii. 280.

Mammet, puppet; III. v. 186.

Manage, course; III. i. 145.

Manage, handle, use; I. i. 68.

Mandrake, a plant, the root of which was supposed to resemble the human figure, and when torn from the earth to cause madness and even death; IV. iii. 47.



The above illustration (from an illuminated MS. in the British Museum) shows the method by which the mandrake was supposed to be obtained.

Marchpane, a kind of almond paste; I. v. 9.

Margent, margin; I. iii. 86.

Mark, elect; I. iii. 59.

Mark-man, marksman; I. i. 204.

Marriage (trisyllabic); IV. i. 11.

Married, harmonious (the reading of Quarto 2; other editions, "*seuerall*"); I. iii. 83.

Maskers; I. iv. Direc. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Mean, means, instrument; III. iii. 45.

Measure, a stately dance; I. iv. 10.

Medicine, medicinal; II. iii. 24.

Merchant, used contemptuously; II. iv. 148.

Mew'd up, shut up; III. iv. 11.

Mickle, great; II. iii. 15.

Minion, saucy person; originally = a spoilt darling, a favourite; III. v. 152.

Minstrel; "give you the m.," *i.e.* call you a minstrel, gleeman (with a play upon "to give the gleek"); IV. v. 116.

Minute, minutes; V. iii. 257.

Misadventure, misfortune; V. i. 29.

Mistemper'd, compounded and hardened to an ill end; I. i. 86.

Modern, commonplace, trite; III. ii. 120.



From a representation of a French Court-masque (*temp.* Charles VI.).

Moody, peevish, angry; III. i. 14.
Morrow, morning; II. ii. 186.
Mouse-hunt, a woman hunter; IV. iv. 11.
Moved, exasperated; I. i. 7.
Much upon these years, about the same age; I. iii. 72.
Muffle, hide; V. iii. 21.
'*My heart is full of woe*,' a line of a popular ballad of the time; IV. v. 104.

Natural, idiot; II. iv. 96.
Naught, bad; III. ii. 87.
Needly will, of necessity must; III. ii. 117.
Needy, joyless (Quarto 1, "*needful*"); III. v. 106.
Neighbour-stained, stained with the blood of countrymen ["*neighbour-stained steel*," instead of "*neighbour-stained soil*" (Daniel)]; I. i. 81.
New, just; I. i. 159.
——, fresh, anew; I. i. 103.
Nice, trifling; III. i. 156.
None; "she will n.," *i.e.* she will none of it, she will have nothing to do with it; III. v. 140.
Note, notice; I. v. 72.
Noted, noticed, observed; V. i. 38.
Nothing, not at all; I. i. 111.

O, grief, lamentation; III. iii. 90.
O', on [Quartos, Folio 1, "a"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*of*"; (Quarto 1), "*on*"]; III. i. 92.
Odds; "at o.," at variance; I. ii. 5.
O'er-perch, leap over, fly over; II. ii. 66.
Old, accustomed, practised; III. iii. 94.
On, of; I. iv. 72, 73, 74.
Once, only; I. iii. 61.
Operation, effect; III. i. 8.
Orchard, garden; II. i. 5.
Osier cage, basket made of the water willow; II. iii. 7.
Outrage, outcry; V. iii. 216.
Overwhelming, over-hanging; V. i. 39.
Owes, owns; II. ii. 46.

Paly, pale; IV. i. 100.
Part, side; I. i. 113.
Partisan, a kind of halbert, or pike; I. i. 72.
Parts, natural gifts, endowments; III. iii. 2.
Passado, a thrust in fencing; II. iv. 26; III. i. 84.
——, a motion forwards and thrust in fencing; II. iv. 27.
Passing, surpassingly; I. i. 232.
Past compare, past comparison; II. v. 43.
Pastry, the room in which pies were made; IV. iv. 2.
Pay, give; I. i. 236.
Peevish, silly, childish; IV. ii. 14.
Perforce, compulsory; I. v. 90.
Perdona-mi's, people who are continually saying *pardon me* [Quartos 4, 5, "*pardona-mees*"; Quarto 1, "*pardon-mees*"; Quarto 2, "*pardons mees*"; Theobald, "*pardon-nez moy's*"]; II. iv. 35.
Peruse, examine; V. iii. 74.

Phaethon, the son of Helios, the Sun god, who ambitiously tried to drive the chariot of his father; III. ii. 3.

Pilcher, scabbard (used contemptuously); III. i. 82.

Pin, the centre of the butt in archery; II. iv. 15.

Plantain-leaf (supposed to be efficacious in healing wounds); I. ii. 52.

Plats, plaits, braids; I. iv. 89.

Plucks, pulls; II. ii. 181.

Poor John, a coarse kind of fish, salted and dried; called also *hake*; I. i. 31.

Poperin pear, a kind of pear; II. i. 38.

Portly, well-bred; I. v. 67.

Post; "in p.," in haste, post-haste; V. iii. 273.

Presence, presence-chamber, state room; V. iii. 86.

Present, immediate, instant; IV. i. 61.

Pretty fool, a term of endearment; I. iii. 31.

Prevails, avails; III. iii. 60.

Prick, point; II. iv. 119.

Prick-song, music sung from notes; II. iv. 21.

Prince of cats (used with reference to *Tybalt*, the name of the cat in *Reynard the Fox*); II. iv. 19.

Princox, pert boy, saucy boy; I. v. 87.

Procures, causes her to come; III. v. 68.

Prodigious, monstrous; I. v. 141.

Proof, experience; I. i. 176.

Properer, handsomer; II. iv. 210.

Prorogue, delay; IV. i. 48.

Prorogued, put off, delayed; II. ii. 78.

Pump, low shoe; II. iv. 62.

Punto reverso, a back-handed stroke in fencing; II. iv. 27.

Purge, clear from suspicion; V. iii. 226.

Purged, cleared from smoke (Johnson conj., "*urg'd*"; Collier MS., "*puff'd*"); I. i. 189.

Quit, reward; II. iv. 197.

Quote, take note of [Quarto 1, "*coate*"; Quarto 2, "*cote*"]; I. iv. 31.

Rapier, a small sword used in thrusting; I. v. 56.

Reason, speak, talk; III. i. 53.

Reckoning, estimation; I. ii. 4.

Reeky, squalid, foul; IV. i. 83.

Remedies; "both our r.," the healing of both of us; II. iii. 51.

Respective, regardful; III. i. 125.

Rest you merry, i.e. God rest you merry, God keep you merry; a form of salutation mostly used at parting; I. ii. 64.

Retorts, throws back; III. i. 166.

Ropery, roguery, tricks [Folio 4, "*Roguery*"; (Quarto 1), "*rope-ripe*"]; II. iv. 149.

Rosemary, a herb used at bridals and burials; IV. v. 79.

Rote; "did read by rote and could not spell," "consisted of phrases learned by heart, but knew nothing of the true characters of Love" (Schmidt); II. iii. 88.
Runagate, vagabond; III. v. 90.
Runaway's (*v.* Note); III. ii. 6.
Rush'd; "r. aside the law," with partial eagerness eluded the law (Capell conj. and Long MS., "*push'd*"; Collier MS., "*brushd*"); III. iii. 26.
Rushes, the covering of the floors; I. iv. 36.

Sack, destroy; III. iii. 107.
Sadly, seriously; I. i. 199.
Sadness, seriousness; I. i. 197, 200.
Scant, scarcely; I. ii. 104.
Scathe, harm; I. v. 85.
Set abroach, incited, caused; I. i. 103.
Set up my rest, make up my mind, remain; a phrase taken from gaming; V. iii. 110.
Shield; "God s.," God forbid; IV. i. 41.
Shift, change; I. v. 2.
Shrift, confession and consequent absolution; IV. ii. 15.
Shrived, given absolution; II. iv. 184.
Simpleness, folly (Quarto 1, "*wilfulness*"); III. iii. 77.
Simples, medicinal herbs; V. i. 40.
Single-soled, contemptible; II. iv. 69.
Sirrah, a term of address to an inferior; IV. ii. 2.
Sir-reverence, a contraction of *save reverence* (*salvâ reverentiâ*); used apologetically, when referring to something improper; I. iv. 42.
Skains-mates (?) scapegraces (*v.* Note); II. iv. 156.
Slip, used with a play upon slip = a counterfeit coin; II. iv. 51.
Slop, large loose breeches; II. iv. 47.
Sober-suited, quietly clad; III. ii. 11.
So ho! a sporting term; II. iv. 136.
Solemnity, celebration of nuptials; IV. v. 61.
Some other where = somewhere else, elsewhere; I. i. 196.
Sometime, sometimes; I. iv. 79.
Soon-speeding, quickly acting, quickly despatching; V. i. 60.
Sort, choose, select; IV. ii. 34.
Sorted out, found out, discovered; III. v. 110.
Spanish blades, Spanish swords; Toledo, in Spain, was famous for the temper of its swords; I. iv. 84.
Sped, despatched, undone; III. i. 92.
Spite, vexation; II. i. 27.
——; "in s. of me," in defiance, to my mortification; I. i. 78.
Spleen, heat, impetuosity; III. i. 159.

Spoke him fair, spoke to him with gentle words; III. i. 155.
Starveth, "looks out hungrily"; V. i. 70.
State; "here stands all your s.," the whole of your fortune depends on this; III. iii. 166.
Stay, detain; V. iii. 187.
——, linger; III. iii. 148.
——, wait for; II. v. 36.
Stay'd, delayed; V. iii. 251.
Steads, helps; II. iii. 54.
Still, always; I. i. 169.
Stint, cease; I. iii. 58.
Stoccata, a thrust in fencing (*"Alla stoccata,"* Knight's emendation of Quartos, Folio 1, *"Alla stucatho"*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"Allastucatho"*; Theobald, Capell, *"a la stoccata"*); III. i. 75.
Straight, straightway; I. iii. 104.
Strain'd, forced; II. iii. 19.
Strains, constrains, wrenches (Folio 1, *"streames"*); IV. i. 47.
Strange, reserved, distant; II. ii. 101, 102.
——, retiring, unfamiliar; III. ii. 15.
Stratagems, amazing deeds; III. v. 211.
Strucken, struck; I. i. 230.
Substantial (quadrisyllabic); II. ii. 141.
Surcease, cease to beat; IV. i. 97.
Swashing, dashing (Quartos 2, 3, Folios, *"washing"*); I. i. 62.
Sweeting, a kind of sweet apple; II. iv. 83.
Sweet water, perfumed waters; V. iii. 14.
Swounded, swooned; III. ii. 56.

Tackled stair, rope ladder; II. iv. 194.
Take me with you, let me understand aright; III. v. 142.
Take the wall, get the better of (used quibblingly); I. i. 11.
Tassel-gentle, male hawk; II. ii. 160. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From George Turberville's *Book of Falconrye,* 1575.

Teen, sorrow (Folios 2, 3, 4, *"teeth"*); I. iii. 13.
Temper, mix; III. v. 98.
Tender, bid, offer; III. iv. 12.
——, hold, regard; III. i. 72.
Tetchy, fretful, peevish; I. iii. 32.
Thee, thyself; V. iii. 3.
Therewithal, with it; V. iii. 289.

Thorough, through; II. iv. 15.
Thought, hoped; IV. v. 41.
Thou's, thou shalt; I. iii. 9.
Timeless, untimely; V. iii. 162.
Titan, the sun-god; II. iii. 4.
To, as to; II. iii. 92.
To-night, last night; I. iv. 50; II. iv. 2.
Torch-bearers; I. iv. Direc. (*Cp.* the subjoined illustration.)



From 'La tryumphante . . . entree faicte sur le . . . advenement de . . . prince Charles des Hespaignes (*i.e.* Emperor Charles V.) . . . en sa ville de Bruges' (1515).

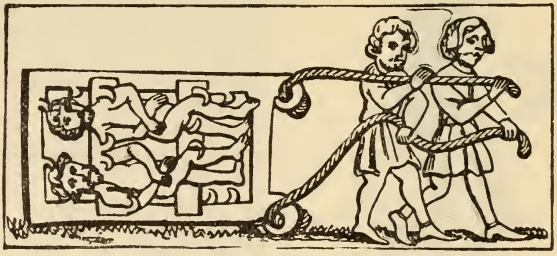
Towards, at hand; I. v. 123.
Toy, folly, idle fancy; IV. i. 119.
Trencher, plate; I. v. 2.
Tried, proved; IV. iii. 29.
Truckle-bed, a bed running on wheels, to be pushed under another, called a standing-bed; II. i. 39.
Turn thee, turn thyself round, turn; I. i. 66.
Tutor, teach; III. i. 32.
Unattainted, sound, impartial; I. ii. 87.
Unbruised, unhurt; II. iii. 37.
Uncomfortable, cheerless, joyless; IV. v. 60.
Unfurnish'd, unprovided; IV. ii. 10.
Unmann'd, untrained (a term of falconry); III. ii. 14.
Unstuff'd, not overcharged; II. iii. 37.
Utters them, causes them to pass from one to another; V. i. 67.
Validity, value; III. iii. 33.
Vanish'd, issued; III. iii. 10.
Vanity, trivial pursuit, vain delight; II. vi. 20.
Verona streets, the streets of Verona; III. i. 90.
Versal, universal; II. iv. 212.
View, outward appearance; I. i. 167.
——, sight; I. i. 169.
Visor, mask; I. v. 24.
Ware, aware; I. i. 123.
Wax; "a man of w.," as pretty



Standing and truckle-bed.
From an illuminated MS. of XV. cent.
(The figures represent a nobleman and his valet.)

as if he had been modelled in wax; I. iii. 76.
Waxes, grows; I. v. 127.
Weeds, garments; V. i. 39.
Well said, well done; I. v. 87.
What, who; I. v. 113.
——, "what dares," how dare; I. v. 56.
Who, which; I. i. 111; I. v. 100.
——, he who; I. i. 129.
Wit, wisdom; I. iv. 49.
——, "sentiments"; I. i. 207.
With, by; I. iv. 57.
——, through; V. iii. 50.
Withal, with, by it; I. i. 111.
Without, outside of; III. iii. 17.
Wot, know; III. ii. 139.
Writ, written; I. iii. 82.
Wrought, brought about; III. v. 145.

Yet not, not yet; II. ii. 58.
Yond, yonder; I. v. 129.
'Zounds, a contraction of "God's wounds"; an oath (Folios "*Come*"); III. i. 51,



Dragging on a hurdle (*See* III. v. 166.)
From a XVth century MS.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

Prologue omitted in Folios.

I. i. 22. '*cruel*'; so Quartos 4, 5; Quartos 2, 3, Folios read '*ciuil,*' and '*civil.*'

I. i. 100. '*farther*'; so Quartos 2, 4; Quarto 5, '*further*'; Quarto 3, Folios 1, 2, 3, '*Fathers*'; Folio 4, '*Father's.*'

I. i. 119. '*drave me to walk abroad*'; Pope (from Quarto 1), "*drew me from company*'; Theobald, '*drew me to walk abroad.*'

I. i. 126. '*Which then most sought where most might not be found*'; Pope (from Quarto 1), '*That most are busied, when they're most alone*'; Keightley, '*Which there*' etc.; Herr conj. '*Which then most sought where many . . .*'; Allen conj. '*which then most sought where more . . .*'

I. i. 151. '*sun*'; Theobald's emendation of Quartos and Folios, '*same.*'

I. i. 170. '*see pathways to his will*'; Staunton conj. '*set pathways to our will*'; Hanmer, '*. . . . ill.*'

I. i. 183. '*Why such is*'; Seymour conj. '*Why such is, merely*'; Collier MS., '*Why such, Benvolio, is*'; Mommsen conj. '*Why, such, Benvolio, such is*'; Keightley, '*Why, gentle cousin, such is*'; Orger conj. '*Why, such a love is.*'

I. i. 188. '*raised*'; Pope's correction (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, '*made.*'

I. i. 200. '*Bid a sick man in sadness make*'; so (Quarto 1), Quartos 4, 5; Quartos 2, 3, Folio 1 read '*A sicke man in sadnesse makes*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*A sicke man in good sadnesse makes.*'

I. i. 209. '*From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd*'; Grant White conj. ''*Gainst . . . encharm'd*'; Quartos, Folios, '*vncharmd*'; Collier MS., '*encharm'd.*'

I. i. 214. '*with beauty dies her store*'; Theobald reads '*with her dies Beauty's Store*'; Keightley, '*with her dies beauty store.*'

I. ii. 15. '*She is the hopeful lady of my earth*'; Johnson conj. '*She is the hope and stay of my full years.*'

I. ii. 25. *'make dark heaven light'*; Theobald reads *'make dark heaven's light'*; Warburton, *'make dark even light'*; Jackson conj. *'mask dark heaven's light'*; Daniel conj. *'mock dark heaven's light.'*

I. ii. 26. *'young men'*; Johnson conj. *'yeomen.'*

I. ii. 32. *'Which on more view,'* etc.; so Quartos 4, 5; Quartos 2, 3, Folios, *'one'* for *'on'*; Quarto 1, *'Such, amongst view of many myne being one'*; perhaps we shoulld read with Mason, *'Whilst on more view of many, mine being one'*; many readings have been proposed.

I. iii. 33. *'Shake, quoth the dove-house,'* referring to the effects of the earthquake; Daniel conj. *'goeth'* for *'quoth.'*

I. iii. 66, 67. *'honour'*; Pope's emendation (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, *'hours'* and *'hour.'*

I. iv. 39. *'The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done'*; "an allusion to an old proverbial saying which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest" (Ritson).

I. iv. 41. *Cp.* Chaucer's *Manciple's Prologue*:—

> *Ther gan our hoste for to jape and pleye,*
> *And seyde, sirs, what!*
> *Dun is in the myre!*

A proverbial expression originally used in an old rural sport, and meaning, "we are all at a standstill!" or, "let us make an effort to move on" (*vide* Prof. Skeat's *Notes to Canterbury Tales*, Vol. v. p. 435-6).

I. iv. 42. *'Of this sir-reverence love'*; Singer's emendation from (Quarto 1); Quartos read *'Or saue you reuerence loue'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'Or saue your reuerence loue.'*

I. iv. 45. Capell's emendation; (Quarto 1) reads *'We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day'*; Quartos, *'We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day'*; Folios, *'We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day.'*

I. iv. 66. *'Maid'*; Pope's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folio 1, *'man'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'woman'*; Ulrici (from Collier MS.), *'milk-maid.'*

I. iv. 77. *'Courtier's'*; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads *'lawyer's'*; Theobald conj. *'taylor's.'*

I. iv. 85. *'Of healths'*; Thirlby conj. *'Of delves'*; Keightley conj. *'Trenches'*; Clark MS. *'Of hilts.'*

I. iv. 91. *'Untangled'*; *'which once u..'* the untangling of which.

I. iv. 103. *'Face'*: Pope's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, *'side'*; Collier MS., *'tide.'*

I. v. 18. *'Will have a bout'*; (Quarto 1), *'will haue about'*; Quartos, Folios, *'will walke about'*; Pope, *'we'll have a bout'*; Daniel, *'will walke a bout.'*

I. v. 46. *'It seems she'*: so (Quarto 1) Quartos, Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, read *'Her beauty'*; Bulloch conj. *'In streams she'*; etc.

II. i. 10. *'pronounce'*; Quartos 2, 3. *'prouaunt'*; Folio 1. *'Prouant'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Couply'*; Rowe, *'couple.'*

II. i. 13. *'trim,'* Steevens (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, *'true.'*

II. i. 13. *'Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim'*; all the early editions read *'Abraham Cupid'*; Theobald conjectured *'auborn'*; Upton, *'Adam,'* referring to Adam Bell, the famous archer. It must be borne in mind, however, that *'Abram,' 'Abraham,'* was a regular corrupt form of *auburn,* formerly often written *abern, abron.*

II. ii. 41-42. *'nor any other part Belonging to a man. O be some other name!'* Malone's emendation; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads *'nor any other part'*; Quartos, Folios, *'O be some other name Belonging to a man.'*

II. ii. 44. *'name'*; so Pope (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, *'word.'*

II ii. 61. *'fair maid, if either thee dislike'*: so Quartos, Folios; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads *'fair saint . . . displease'*: Theobald, *'fair saint . . . dislike'*; Grant White, *'fair maid . . . displease'*; Anon. conj., *'fair maid . . . mislike.'*

II. ii. 107. *'blessed moon I swear'*; so (Quarto 1) Quartos; Folios read *'moon I vow.'*

II. ii. 153. *'suit'*; so Quarto 5; Quarto 4, *'sute'*; Quartos 2, 3, Folios, *'strife.'*

II. ii. 189. *'father's cell'*; Capell's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios 3, 4. *'Friers close cell'*; Folios 1, 2, *'Fries close cell.'*

II. iii. 1-4. Omitted in Folios 2, 3, 4.

II. iii. 4. *'day's path and Titan's fiery wheels'*: Malone's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folio 1, *'day's path, and Titan's burning wheels'*; Pope, *'day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels.'*

II. iii. 23. *'small,'* so Pope (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, *'weake.'*

II. iv. 157. *'I am none of his skains-mates'*: *'skains-mates'* oc-

curs nowhere else, its origin is uncertain; it is perhaps connected with *skain, skein,* 'as if associated in winding yarns' (or *skain's* = *gen.* of *skain, skean* = dagger; 'as if a brother in arms').

II. vi. 34. '*sum up sum of half my*'; so Quartos 2, 3; Quartos 4, 5, '*summe up some of halfe my*'; Folios, '*sum up some of halfe my,*' etc.

III. i. 115. '*kinsman,*' Capell's reading (from Quarto 1); Quarto 5, other texts, '*cousin.*'

III. i. 168. '*agile*'; Quarto 1, Quartos 4, 5, '*agill*'; Quartos 2, 3, Folio 1, '*aged*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*able.*'

III. i. 190. '*hate's*'; Knight's emendation; Quartos, Folios, read '*hearts*'; Hanmer, '*heats*'; Johnson, '*hearts'.*'

III. ii. 6. '*That runaways eyes may wink*'; an epitome of the various interpretations of these words fills no less than twenty-eight pages of Furness' variorum edition; the Quartos and Folios do not mark the possessive, and scholars are divided on the subject of the singular or plural possessive. The Cambridge editors evidently make '*runaways*' = runagates, night-prowlers. The present editor cannot bring himself to believe that Shakespeare intended this reading, and has substituted '*Runaway's*' in the sense of 'Day's'; 'Runaway' may have belonged to the playful phraseology of Elizabethan girls, and savours of the expressive language of children's rhymes.



III. ii. 66. '*dear-loved*'; Pope's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, read '*dearest.*'

III. ii. 76. '*Dove-feather'd raven*'; Theobald's emendation of Quartos 2, 3, Folio 1, '*Rauenous doufeatherd Rauen*; Quartos 4, 5, Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Rauenous doue, feathred Rauen.*'

III. ii. 79. '*damned saint*'; so Quartos 4, 5, Folios 2, 3, 4; Quartos 2, 3, '*dimme saint*'; Folio 1, '*dimne saint.*'

III. iii. 52. '*Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word*'; Malone's emendation (from Quarto 1); Quartos 2, 3, '*Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake*'; Quartos 4, 5, '*Thou fond mad man, heare me a little speake*';

Folio 1, '*Then fond mad man, heare me speake*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Fond mad man, heare me speake.*'

III. iii. 132. '*Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask.*' (*Cp.* the flask in the cut [page 158] which is reproduced from *The Exercise of Armes*, 1619.)

III. v. 31. According to Warburton there is a popular saying to this effect, due to the fact that the toad has very fine eyes and the lark very ugly ones.

III. v. 55. '*below*'; Pope's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos, Folios, '*so lowe.*'

III. v. 152. Omitted in Folios.

III. v. 166. '*lent*'; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads '*sent*'; Cowden Clarke conj. '*left.*'

III. v. 177-179. So Quarto 2 and the other Quartos; Quarto 1 reads:—

> "*Goas blessed mother wife it mads me,*
> *Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,*
> *Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,*
> *Still my care hath been to see her matcht.*"

Many attempts have been made to smooth the lines, but perhaps they express Capulet's excitement.

III. v. 182. '*train'd*'; Capell's reading (from Quarto 1); Quartos 3, 4, 5, Folios, '*allied*'; Quarto 2, '*liand*'; etc.

IV. i. 3. '*nothing slow to slack his haste*'; Collier conj. '*something slow,*' etc.; Quarto 1, '*nothing slack to slow his haste*'; Johnson conj. '*nothing slow to back his haste.*'

IV. i. 16. Omitted in Quartos, Folios.

IV. i. 45. '*cure,*' so (Quarto 1) Quarto 5; Quartos 2, 3, 4; Folios, '*care.*'

IV. i. 115-116. '*and he and I Will watch thy waking*'; the reading of Quartos 3, 4, 5; omitted in Folios.

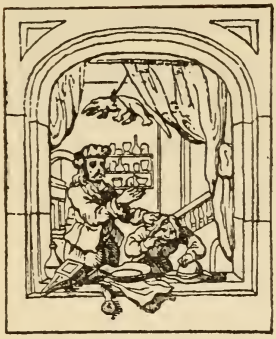
IV. v. 106-107. '*O play me some merry dump, to comfort me*'; the reading of Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 125-127. These lines are from Richard Edwards' *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1576.

V. i. 1. '*flattering truth*'; so Quartos, Folios; Malone following (Quarto 1) reads '*flattering eye*'; Collier MS., "*flattering death*"; Grant White, '*flattering sooth*'; etc.

V. i. 24. '*I defy you*'; Pope reading (Quarto 1), '*I defie my*'; Quartos 2, 3, 4, Folio 1, '*I denie you*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, Quarto 5, '*I deny you.*'

V. i. 27. '*I do beseech you, sir, have patience*'; Pope (from Quarto 1) reads '*Pardon me sir, I dare not leave you thus*'; Steevens (1793) reads '*Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus.*'



V. i. 42-4. '*In his needy shop a tortoise hung, An alligator stuff'd and other skins of ill-shaped fishes.*' (*Cp.* illustration from a picture by Teniers.)

V. iii. 122. '*Stumbled at graves,*' etc.:—

"*For many men that stumble at the threshold*
Are well foretold that danger lurks within;"
3 *Henry VI.*, IV. vii. 11, 12.

V. iii. 169. '*rust*'; so Quartos, Folios; Hazlitt (from Quarto 1) reads '*rest.*'

V. iii. 205. '*it,*' *i.e.* the dagger: so Quarto 2; the rest read '*is.*'

—— '*mis-sheathed*'; the reading of Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, 3, Quarto 5, '*misheathed*'; Quarto 2, '*missheathd*'; Quartos 3, 4, '*missheath'd*'; Jackson conj. '*mi-sheath'd.*'

V. iii. 211. After this line Quarto 1 reads '*and young Benvolio is deceased too.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

PROLOGUE.

Why the Prologue was not included in the Folios. White finds it difficult to conjecture, as all the Quartos have it. In the Quarto of 1597 it appears with two lines less and many variations, as follows:—

"Two household Frends, alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene,)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose civill warre makes civill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes
A paire of starre-crost Lovers tooke their life;
Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their Parents' rage,)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here we want, wee'l studie to amend."

2. Brooke's poem opens with a description of Verona:—

"There is beyonde the Alps, a towne of auncient fame
Whose bright renoume yet shineth cleare, Verona men it name:
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertile soyle:
Maynteined by the heauenly fates, and by the townish toyle.
The fruitefull hilles aboue, the pleasant vales belowe,
The siluer streame with chanell depe, that through the towne doth flow," etc.

5, 6. This Prologue is written in the form of the Shakespearian sonnet. The note of fate is struck in these two lines.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

"Shakespeare," says Corson, "is always especially happy in the opening scenes of his plays. They generally strike the keynote of the whole dramatic action. *Romeo and Juliet* is no exception to this. Furthermore, the opening scene is, of itself, a sufficient refutation of much of the commentary on the play, which ascribes the misadventured piteous overthrows of the two lovers, to *subjective* causes."

32. *two of the house of Montagues*:—The partisans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats in order to distinguish them from their enemies the Capulets. Hence throughout this play they are known at a distance.

41. *bite my thumb*:—This kind of insult for beginning a quarrel was common. Dekker, in his *Dead Term*, 1608, describing the various groups that daily frequented St. Paul's, says, "What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs* to beget quarrels!"

57, 58. *one of my master's kinsmen*:—Gregory is supposed to mean Tybalt, whom he sees coming in another direction from that whence Benvolio approaches. Upon the foregoing part of this scene Coleridge has the following: "With his accustomed judgement, Shakespeare has begun by placing before us a lively picture of all the impulses of the play; and, as nature ever presents two sides, one for Heraclitus, and one for Democritus, he has, by way of prelude, shown the laughable absurdity of the evil by the contagion of it reaching the servants, who have so little to do with it, but who are under the necessity of letting the superfluity of sensorial power fly off through the escape-valve of wit-combats, and of quarrelling with weapons of sharper edge, all in humble imitation of their masters. Yet there is a sort of unhired fidelity, an *ourishness* about all this, that makes it rest pleasant on one's feelings. All the first Scene, down to the conclusion of the Prince's speech, is a motley dance of all ranks and ages to one tune, as if the horn of Huon had been playing behind the scenes."

72. *Clubs*:—The old custom of crying out, *clubs, clubs*, in case of any tumult occurring in the streets of London, has been made familiar by Scott in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. This transferring of London customs to an Italian city is justified by Knight: "The

cry of clubs by the citizens of Verona expressed an idea of popular movement, which could not have been conveyed half so emphatically in a foreign phrase."

74. *long sword*:—This was the weapon used in active warfare; a lighter and shorter one being worn for ornament.

101. Free-town is given in Brooke's poem as the name of a castle belonging to Capulet.

152. *the sun*:—Malone, who prints *the same* in his text, as "a mode of expression not uncommon in Shakespeare's time," supports *the sun* by a parallel from Daniel's sonnets:—

> "And whilst thou *spread'st* unto the rising *sunne*
> The fairest *flower* that ever saw the light,
> Now joy thy time, before thy sweet be done."

170 *et seq.* This string of antithetical conceits seems absurd enough to us; but such was the most approved way of describing love in Shakespeare's time, as for some ages before. Petrarch and Chaucer used it, and divers old English poets and ballad-makers abound in it. Such an affected way of speaking shows the state of Romeo's mind, that his love is rather self-generated than inspired by any object.

172. *dine*:—A lover, of course, could not seriously think of his dinner. Romeo wishes to turn aside Benvolio's inquiries.

174. *Here's much*, etc.:—"Romeo," says Clarke, "is speaking in the riddling mood now upon him. He means that the fray has much to do with the hate between the rival houses, yet affects him more, inasmuch as his Rosaline is of the Capulet family; that what has just passed has had reference to the animosity which divides the two factions, and has also shown him the anxious affection felt on his account by his father and Benvolio. To the latter he refers where he says, 'This love that thou hast shown,' etc."

209. *And in strong proof*, etc.:—Steevens here observes: "As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment toher majesty, who was not liable to be displeased at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young."

215. *her store*:—Dowden says, "I think *her store* means beauty's store. Rosaline is the possessor of beauty and also of beauty's

store, that is, the reserve of beauty (in posterity) or the propagating power of beauty. Compare *Sonnets*, XI., and especially the lines:—

> 'Let those whom Nature hath not made for *store*,
> Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish.'

If Rosaline dies wedded, beauty indeed dies; but if she dies single, beauty dies and also beauty's store."

229. *These happy masks*:—This has been taken as an allusion to the *masks* worn by the female spectators of the play; but we are probably to suppose that *these* means no more than *the*, being used indefinitely for designating the masks worn in those days.

236. *thou canst not teach me to forget*:—Coleridge says: "The necessity of loving creates an object for itself in man and woman; and yet there is a difference in this respect between the sexes, though only to be known by a perception of it. It would have displeased us if Juliet had been represented as already in love, or as fancying herself so: but no one, I believe, ever experiences any shock at Romeo's forgetting his Rosaline, who had been a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination, and rushing into his passion for Juliet."

Scene II.

52. *plantain-leaf*:—So referred to, as a salve for a broken shin, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, III. i. 75. Romeo would turn aside Benvolio's talk of remedies for love with a jest on the popular remedy for an ailment less hard to cure than a broken heart; let us discuss broken shins, not deeper wounds.

92. *who, often drown'd*:—This is an allusion to the old belief that water would not strangle a witch, who, if thrown into it, would not sink. So in King James's *Dæmonology*: "It appeares that God hath appointed for a supernatural signe of the monstrous impietie of witches, that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof."

Scene III.

The greater part of this Scene is printed as prose in all the old copies. Capell first saw that it was verse.

4. *God forbid!*—"An exquisite touch of nature," says Staunton. "The old Nurse, in her fond garrulity, uses *lady-bird* as a term of endearment: but recollecting its application to a female of loose manners, checks herself—*God forbid* her darling should prove such a one!"

24. *'Tis since the earthquake*, etc.:—Upon this Tyrwhitt remarks, "There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakespeare may be supposed to have drawn his story: and therefore it seems probable that he had in view the earthquake which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz., on the 6th of April, 1580." Upon mature reflection Malone saw that this conjecture is supported by Shakespeare's "frequent allusions to the manners and usages of England, and to the events of his own time, which he has described as taking place wherever his scene happens to lie."

72. *these years*:—Juliet being fourteen, Lady Capulet is "much upon" twenty-eight. Staunton observes that her husband, old Capulet, having done masking some thirty years (I. v. 34), must be at least threescore. Knight changes *your mother* to *a mother*.

76. *a man of wax*:—A man for beauty like a model in wax; see III. iii. 126. Steevens quotes from *Wily Beguiled*: "A man as one should picture him in wax"; White, from *Euphues and his England*: "So exquisite that for shape he must be framed in wax." Dyce, from *Fair Em*:—

> "A body, were it framed of wax
> By all the cunning artists of the world,
> It could not better be proportioned."

Field, in *A Woman is a Weathercock*, has "By Jove, it is a little man of wax."

79-94. *What say you?*—This bravura speech of ingenious conceits is supposed by Ulrici to have a deep dramatic design—to exhibit Lady Capulet as an artificial woman of the world in her euphuistic speech. In Dowden's opinion it probably means no more than that the writer was immature and liked such conceits.

Scene IV.

1-3. In *Henry VIII.*, where the King introduces himself at the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before with an

apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves, for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions it is probable Romeo is made to allude. Of the same kind of masquerading see a specimen in *Timon of Athens*, I. ii., where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech.

5. *Tartar's painted bow*:—The Tartarian bows resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas-reliefs. Shakespeare uses the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle.

53. *Queen Mab*:—Thom states that no earlier mention of Mab than the above is known; that no doubt Shakespeare got the name from folk-lore of his own time; that *Mab* in Welsh means an infant; and that Beaufort, in his *Ancient Topography of Ireland*, mentions *Mabh* as the chief of the Irish fairies. Drayton, with Shakespeare's description before him, writes, in his happiest manner, of Queen Mab in *Nymphidia the Court of Fayrie*. Attempts have been made to identify Queen Mab with Dame Abunde or Habunde; and again with the Irish Queen Maeve. Sir H. Ellis says that in Warwickshire "Mab-led" (pronounced Mob-led) signifies led astray by a will-o'-the-wisp.

54. *the fairies' midwife*:—"Not midwife *to* the fairies," says Steevens, "but the fairy whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those 'children of an idle brain.'" Hudson follows this interpretation.

Scene V.

42. *What lady's that*, etc.:—Thus in Brooke's poem:—

"At length he saw a mayd, right fayre of perfect shape:
Which Theseus, or Paris would haue chosen to their rape.
Whom erst he neuer sawe, of all she pleasde him most:
Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou iustly mayst thee boste,
Of perfit shapes renoune, and Beauties sounding prayse:
Whose like ne hath, ne shalbe seene, ne liueth in our dayes.
And whilest he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,
His former loue, for which of late he ready was to dye.
Is nowe as quite forgotte, as it had neuer been."

108. [*Kissing her.*] The kissing of a lady at a social gathering seems not to have been thought indecorous. So in *Henry VIII.* we have Lord Sands kissing Anne Bullen, at the supper given by Wolsey. White remarks on this bit of dialogue: "I have never seen a Juliet on the stage, who appeared to appreciate the archness of the dialogue with Romeo in this scene. . . . Though this is the first interview of the lovers, we do not hear them speak until the close of their dialogue, in which they have arrived at a pretty thorough understanding of their mutual feelings. Juliet makes a feint of parrying Romeo's advances, but does it archly, and knows that he is to have the kiss he sues for. . . . And when Romeo fairly gets her into the corner, towards which she has been contriving to be driven, and he says, 'Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purged,' and does put them to that purgation, how slyly the pretty puss gives him an opportunity to repeat the penance, by replying, 'Then have my lips the sin that they have took.'"

119. *my life*, etc.:—He means that, as bereft of Juliet he should die, his existence is at the mercy of his enemy, Capulet. These lines are in Brooke:—

"So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast.
Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.
Thus hath his foe in choyse to geue him lyfe or death:
That scarsely can his wofull brest keepe in the liuely breath."

129. *Come hither, nurse*, etc.:—Again in Brooke:—

"As carefull was the mayde what way were best deuise
To learne his name, that intertaind her in so gentle wise.
Of whom her hart receiued so deepe, so wyde a wound,
An auncient dame she calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde.
This old dame in her youth, had nurst her with her mylke,
With slender nedle taught her sow, and how to spin with silke.
What twayne are those (quoth she) which prease vnto the doore,
Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare, two toorches light before.
And then as eche of them had of his houshold name.
So she him namde yet once agayne the yeng and wyly dame.
And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand
That yender doth in masking weede besyde the window stand.
His name is Romeus (said shee) a Montegewe.
Whose fathers pryde first styrd the strife which both your housholdes rewe."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

13. *Adam Cupid*:—Dowden says: "Upton's conjecture Adam (easily misread *Abram*) is generally accepted, the allusion being to the great archer, Adam Bell, famous in ballad poetry. Compare *Much Ado*, I. i. 257-259: 'Shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called *Adam*.' If the source of the Cophetua ballad were found, which may lurk in some old book on Africa, a bowman named Abraham might be discovered. An Ethiopian king was so named. If 'young Abraham' is named after the patriarch, the nickname must mean 'father of many nations' (Genesis xvii. 5), not wholly inappropriate to Cupid. Knight supposed that *cheat* was meant, the allusion being to the Abraham-men of Elizabethan days—vagabonds, bare-armed and bare-legged, pretending madness. In S. Rowlands's *Martin Mark-all* (about 1609), he gives *Abram* as a slang word meaning *mad*. In *Street Robberies consider'd* (about 1700) *Abram* is given as a cant word for *naked*, which would suit Cupid well, but, though clearly a relic of the Abraham-men, I have found no earlier example in this sense. Again, as Theobald observed, *abraham* and *abram* are old spellings of auburn (*Coriolanus*, II. iii. 21, Folio text); many examples might be cited. . . . White reads 'auburn' here. Finally, the nickname may be an allusion to some forgotten Elizabethan contemporary."

18. *high forehead*:—Our Elizabethan ancestors had a perverted liking for a bald brow. See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv. 198: "Ay, but her forehead's low."

Scene II.

7. *Be not her maid*:—That is, be not a votary to the moon, or Diana.

31. *the lazy-pacing clouds*:—So the first Quarto. The other old copies have "lazie-*puffing* clouds." Collier's second Folio changes *puffing* to *passing*. "Take notice," says Coleridge, "in this enchanting scene of the contrast of Romeo's love with his former fancy; and weigh the skill shown in justifying him from his inconstancy by making us feel the difference of his passion. Yet this, too, is a love in, although not merely of, the imagination."

92, 93. *at lovers' perjuries*, etc.:—This Shakespeare is supposed

to have found in Ovid's *Art of Love*—perhaps in Marlowe's translation:—

"For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,
And laughs below at lovers' perjuries."

116-124. *Well, do not swear*, etc.:—Upon this passage Coleridge remarks: "With love, pure love, there is always an anxiety for the safety of the object, a disinterestedness, by which it is distinguished from the counterfeits of its name. Compare this scene with Act III. Sc. i. of *The Tempest*. I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakespeare's mastery in playing a distinctly rememberable variety on the same remembered air, than in the transporting love-confessions of Romeo and Juliet, and Ferdinand and Miranda."

142 *et seq.* In Brooke's poem Juliet uses similar expressions:—

"But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground;
If wedlocke be the marke, which your desire hath found;
Obedience set aside, unto my parentes dewe,
The quarrell eke that long agoe betweene our householdes grewe;
Both me and myne I will all whole to you betake.
And, following you whereso you goe, my fathers house forsake.
But if by wanton love and by unlawfull sute
You thinke to plucke my maydehood's dainty frute,
You are begylde; and now your Juliet you beseekes
To cease your sute, and suffer her to live emong her likes."

154. *To-morrow*:—"Exquisitely," says Clarke, "has Shakespeare made Juliet pause not a moment on the impossible alternative that Romeo *means* otherwise than *well*. The breathless hurry with breathing earnestness in all that Juliet utters during this scene is marvellously true to the pulsing rapture of a young girl's heart on first learning that she loves and is beloved."

Scene III.

[*Friar Laurence.*] "The reverend character of the Friar," says Coleridge, "like all Shakespeare's representations of the great professions, is very delightful and tranquillizing, yet it is no digression, but immediately necessary to the carrying on of the plot."

7, 8. *I must up-fill*, etc.:—Shakespeare has here prepared us

for the part Friar Laurence is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early discovered him to be a chemist, we are not surprised when we find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece.

9, 10. Lucretius, v. 259, has the same thought: "Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulcrum." Likewise Milton, in *Paradise Lost,* ii. 911: "The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

Scene IV.

19. *prince of cats*:—*Tybert* is the name given to a cat in *Reynard the Fox.* So in Dekker's *Satiromastix,* 1602: "Tho' you were *Tybert,* prince of long-tail'd cats." Again, in Nash's *Have With You,* etc.: "Not *Tibalt* prince of cats."

25, 26. *the first and second cause*:—Meaning causes for which a man is to fight.

33. *grandsire*:—Humorously apostrophizing his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of.

35-37. *who stand . . . bench*:—During the period of great "boulstered breeches," it is said to have been necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches of the House of Commons, without which those *who stood on the new form* could not sit at ease on the old bench. Mercutio is making game of smart fellows who with copious use of fencing-words pose as experts with the weapons.

45. *a grey eye*:—Apparently what we now call a *blue* eye. He means to admit that Thisbe had a tolerably fine eye.

73. *wild-goose chase*:—One kind of horse-race which resembled the flight of *wild geese* was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together, and whichever rider could get the lead, the other rider was obliged to follow him wherever he chose to go. This explains the pleasantry kept up here.

96, 97. *against the hair*:—From a French idiom meaning much the same as the English *against the grain.*

171. *a fool's paradise*:—Compare *A Handful of Pleasant Delightes,* 1584:—

> "When they see they may her win,
> They leave then where they did begin;
> They prate, and make the matter nice.
> And leave her in fooles paradise."

And Rich's *Farewell*: "Knowing the fashion of you men to be such, as by praisyng our beautie, you think to bring into a fooles paradize."

215. *the dog's name*:—Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says, "*R is the dog's letter*, and hirreth in the sound." And Nash, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, speaking of dogs: "They *arre* and barke at night against the moone."

Scene V.

5. *Which ten times faster*, etc.:—Instead of this line and the rest of the speech, the Quarto of 1597 has:—

> "And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
> Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.
>
> *Enter Nurse.*
>
> Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle nurse,
> What sayes my Loue?"

Scene VI.

White says: "The traces of another hand than Shakespeare's that have attracted my attention in the earlier version of this play are not many, but they seem to me quite unmistakable. The first that I noticed is the entire sixth Scene of Act II. . . . The variations from the later version are of the most material nature; or, rather, the whole Scene was rewritten, and but a few lines of the earlier version were retained." White thinks that some of the changes in the revision were not for the better.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

11. *Am I like such a fellow?*—"The quietness of this retort," says Clarke, "with the slight but significant emphasis which we imagine thrown upon the *I*, admirably gives point to the humorous effect of Mercutio's lecturing Benvolio—the sedate and peace-making Benvolio, and lectured by Mercutio, of all people!—for the sin of quarrelsomeness."

16-32. *Nay, an there were two such*, etc.:—In the Quarto of 1597 this passage is given thus:—

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for cracking of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst hasill eyes? what eye but such an eye would have pickt out such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee wakd thy dogge that lay a sleepe in the Sunne? With a taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

156. *How nice the quarrel was*:—The rest of this speech appears thus in the Quarto of 1597:—

> "But Tibalt still persisting in his wrong,
> The stout Mercutio drewe to calme the storme,
> Which Romeo seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
> And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
> And with his agill arme young Romeo,
> As fast as tung cryde peace, sought peace to make.
> While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
> Under yong Romeos laboring arme to part,
> The furious Tybalt cast an envious thrust,
> That rid the life of stout Mercutio.
> With that he fled, but presently return'd,
> And with his rapier braved Romeo:
> That had but newly entertain'd revenge.
> And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
> To part their furie, downe did Tybalt fall,
> And this way Romeo fled."

161. "This small portion of untruth in Benvolio's narrative," says Coleridge, "is finely conceived."

Scene II.

1. *Gallop apace*:—"Shakespeare," says Malone, "probably remembered Marlowe's *Edward II.* iv. iii.:—

> "Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky,
> And dusky night, in rusty iron car,
> Between you both shorten the time."

So in Rich's *Farewell*, 1583: "The day to his seeming passed away so slowely that he had thought the stately steedes had bin tired that drawe the chariot of the Sunne, and wished that Phaeton had beene there with a whippe."

6. *That runaways' eyes may wink*:—Upon this, the main difficulty of the passage which has been perhaps the greatest crux or puzzle in Shakespeare, Dowden remarks: "I believe the genitive singular *runaway's* to be right, and I agree with Warburton that the sun or Phœbus is meant. It is objected that Juliet has complained of the slow pace of the sun; but now she imagines night as having arrived, and the tardy sun has proved himself to be the runaway he actually was. I do not wish to innovate in the text, and I have left the commonly received punctuation. But a different punctuation might solve the difficulty. The word *That* (before *runaway's*) may be the demonstrative pronoun. . . . 'That runaway' may mean 'yonder runaway,' or 'that runaway (of whom I have spoken).' The central motive of the speech is 'Come night, come Romeo.' Having invoked night to spread the curtain, Juliet says, with a thought of her own joyful wakefulness, 'Yonder sun may sleep' (*wink* having commonly this sense); and then she calls on Romeo to leap to her arms. . . . If following Delius we read *runaways' eyes*, the runaways (if not the stars) must be wanderers in the streets. Attempts have been made to produce an example of *runaway* in such a sense, but, I think, without success." The different punctuation suggested by Dowden points the passage thus:—

"Spread thy close curtains love-performing night!
—That [= Yonder] runaway's eyes may wink—and Romeo,
Leap to these arms! Untalk'd of and unseen,
Lovers can see, etc."

73-85. *O serpent heart*, etc.:—For this speech in the Quarto of 1597 there are merely these four lines:—

"O serpent's hate hid with a flowring face
O painted sepulcher, including filth,
Was neuer booke containing so foule matter
So fairly bound. Ah what ment Romeo?"

85-91. *There's no trust . . . such a wish*:—Coleridge bids us "note the Nurse's mistake of the mind's audible struggles with itself for its decision *in toto*."

Scene III.

41-44. The Quartos of 1599 and 1609 jumble various readings together thus:—

"This may flies do, when I from this must fly:
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished."

85, 86. *O woeful sympathy,* etc.:—The old copies make these words a part of the Nurse's speech. They were assigned to the Friar, at Farmer's suggestion.

109 *et seq.* Shakespeare has here followed Brooke's poem:—

"Art thou, quoth he, a man? thy shape saith, so thou art:
Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a womans hart:
For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd outchased,
And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed.
So that I stoode in doute this howre (at the least)
If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast."

119. *Why rail'st thou,* etc.:—Romeo has not railed on his birth and heaven and earth; but, as Malone remarked, Brooke's poem describes him as doing so in his interview with the Friar; and Shakespeare followed the remonstrance of the Friar as it appears in the poem, forgetful that he had neglected to put into Romeo's mouth the rebellious clamour for which his spiritual adviser chides him. The passage in the poem is as follows:—

"Fyrst Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
In which his joyes had been so scant, and sorrowes aye so ryfe;
The time and place of byrth he fiersly did reprove,
He cryed out with open mouth against the starres above."

Scene V.

The Quarto of 1597 has, "*Enter* Romeo *and* Juliet *at the window*;" and that of 1599 and the Folio have, "*Enter* Romeo *and* Juliet *aloft.*" The place meant, White says, is plainly the very same in which Romeo surprises Juliet confessing to herself her love for him. Various editions have given the scene in as many different ways. Malone says that Romeo and Juliet probably appeared in the balcony at the rear of the old English stage.

1-4. A writer in the *Pictorial Shakspere* gives the following on this passage: "Amongst the fruit-bearing trees the pomegranate is in some respects the most beautiful; and therefore, in the South of Europe, and in the East, it has become the chief ornament of

the garden. But where did Shakespeare find that the nightingale haunted the pomegranate tree, pouring forth her song from the same bough, week after week? Doubtless in some old travels with which he was familiar. Chaucer puts his nightingale in 'a fresh green laurel-tree;' but the preference of the nightingale for the pomegranate is unquestionable. 'The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the daytime,' says Russel, in his account of Aleppo."

6. *the herald of the morn*:—Shakespeare has glorified this office of the lark with special power in *Venus and Adonis*, 853 *et seq.*:—

> "Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
> From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
> And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
> The sun ariseth in his majesty;
> Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
> The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."

Herford has this note: "Repeated attempts have been made to prove Shakespeare indebted to Groto's *Hadriana*; most positively by Walker (*Hist. Memoir on Ital. Tragedy*, 1799) and Klein (*Gesch. des Dramas*, v. 436). The passage to which they attach most weight is the parting scene (III. v.), where Latino (Romeo) bids Hadriana listen to the nightingale. But the whole resemblance reduces itself to the nightingale, while even this is quite differently applied. In Groto it is actually the nightingale whose song is heard; in Shakespeare, Juliet would fain believe the lark to be the nightingale."

14. *torch-bearer*:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "The *moon*, then full (not thinking scorn to be a *torch-bearer* to such beauty), guided her steps." And Sir John Davies's *Orchestra*, speaking of the Sun:—

> "When the great *torch-bearer* of heaven was gone
> Downe in a maske unto the ocean's court."

17-25. *Let me be ta'en*, etc.:—The Quarto of 1597 gives this speech in a form which the Poet will hardly be thought to have improved:—

> "Let me stay here, let me be ta'en, and die:
> If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
> I 'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
> It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
> I 'll say it is the nightingale that beats

The vaulty heaven so far above our heads,
And not the lark, the messenger of morn:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so—
What says my love? let 's talk, 'tis not yet day."

54. *I have an ill-divining soul*:—"This miserable prescience of futurity," says Steevens, "I have always regarded as a circumstance peculiarly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind Romeo seems to have been conscious of on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet" (I. iv. 106-109).

59. *Adieu, adieu!*—Brandes has this comment: "The exquisite dialogue in Juliet's chamber at daybreak is a variation on the motive of all the old Dawn-Songs. They always turn upon the struggle in the breasts of two lovers who have secretly passed the night together, between their reluctance to part and their dread of discovery—a struggle which sets them debating whether the light they see comes from the sun or the moon, and whether it is the nightingale or the lark whose song they hear."

86, 87. *Ay, madam,* etc.:—In reply to Johnson's criticism that "Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover," Clarke says: "It appears to us that, on the contrary, the evasions of speech here used by the young girl-wife are precisely those that a mind, suddenly and sharply awakened from previous inactivity, by desperate love and grief, into self-conscious strength, would instinctively use. Especially are they exactly the sort of shifts and quibbles that a nature rendered timid by stinted intercourse with her kind, and by communion limited to the innocent confidences made by one of her age in the confessional, is prone to resort to, when first left to itself in difficulties of situation and abrupt encounter with life's perplexities. The Italian-born-and-bred Juliet is made by our author to speak and act with wonderful truth to her southern self."

130. *conduit*:—The same image, which was in frequent use with Shakespeare's contemporaries, occurs in Brooke's poem: "His sighs are stopt, and stopped in the *conduit* of his tears."

157, 158. *Out,* etc.:—In the age of Shakespeare, authors not only employed these terms of abuse in their original performances, but even in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas *hedge-brat, cullion,* and *tar-breech,* in the course of one speech.

222. *green*:—Hanmer, followed by Warburton and Johnson, read *keen*. From Chaucer to Longfellow the praises of green or greenish-yellow (citrine) eyes have been sung, and not in English poetry alone. In *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, V. i., we have "thy rare green eye." In a sonnet by Drummond, the gods advise Nature as to the most desirable colour for Auristella's eyes; Nature accepts the advice of Jove and Venus, and the eyes are "a paradise of green." Compare the comic praise of green eyes in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V. i. 333: "His eyes were green as leeks."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

3. *slow to slack*:—Malone explains this to mean, "There is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or abate his haste." Johnson's conjecture, *back* (for *slack*), means to abet and enforce. Knight interprets "I am nothing slow (so as) to slack his haste," which to Dowden seems the right explanation.

38. *evening mass*:—White says that this is an error, that mass is always celebrated before midday. Evening service in the Roman church, he adds, is called vespers. Wilkes, confronted with Shakespeare's alleged erroneous use of *evening mass*, in his inquiries found White's view supported by H. von Friesen in his *Alt-England und William Shakespeare*, 1874, pp. 286-7, and also by Staunton, who, says Dowden, "had previously noticed the same difficulty." But the word *mass*, continues Dowden, as used in the passage from *Romeo and Juliet*, is explained by Clarke as meaning generally *service, office, prayer*. And in a note on the point in his edition of this play Dowden refers us to "*The Religion of Shakespeare, chiefly from the writings of Richard Simpson*, by H. S. Bowden, 1899, pp. 271-274: it is there shown that *mass* was used of various church offices; that, in the stricter sense of mass, there was great latitude in ancient times as to the hour; that Pius V. (1566-72) prohibited evening masses; that the new law was slow in coming into operation in Germany, and perhaps in England; finally, that in Verona the forbidden custom lingered to the nineteenth century." As an interesting use of the phrase, these lines are added from O. W. Holmes's *Under the Violets*:—

> "The crickets, sliding through the grass,
> Shall pipe for her an *evening mass*."

66. *Be not so long to speak*:—Clarke makes the observation that "the constraint, with sparing speech, visible in Juliet when with her parents, as contrasted with her free outpouring flow of words when she is with her lover, her father confessor, or her nurse—when, in short, she is her natural self and at perfect ease—is true to characteristic delineation."

93. *Take thou this vial,* etc:—Brooke's poem reads:—

"Receiue this vyoll small and keepe it as thine eye;
And on the mariage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,
Fill it with water full vp to the very brim,
Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche vayne and lim
A pleasant slumber slide, and quite dispred at length
On all thy partes, from euery part reue all thy kindly strength;
Withouten mouing thus thy ydle parts shall rest,
No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,
But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce:
Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodain chaunce;
The corps then will they bring to graue in this church yarde,
Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparde,
Both for them selfe and eke for those that should come after,
Both deepe it is, and long and large, where thou shalt rest, my daughter,
Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight;
Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night."

105. *two and forty hours*:—"The rapidity of the whole conduct of the action," in Dowden's view, "is surprising; yet, up to the night on which Juliet swallows the Friar's potion, there can be no question as to the dating of days and hours. At this point Shakespeare creates a difficulty that seems to be insuperable. He had probably noticed in Painter's version of the tale a statement of the Friar that the opiate effects of the drug were to continue for 'the space of forty hours at the least.' As if to be more precise Shakespeare names the period as 'two and forty hours.' From what time of the night of Tuesday will forty-two succeeding hours bring us to a very early morning hour (the month is July) of either Thursday or Friday? . . . Perhaps the simplest explanation of the difficulty is to admit that it was never meant to be explained; forty-two hours gave an air of precision and verisimilitude to the Friar's arrangement; it sufficed to cover two

periods of night preceding two Italian summer dawns; and the dramatist knew that spectators in the theatre do not regulate their imagination by a chronometer."

110. The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave richly dressed, and with the face *uncovered*, Shakespeare found particularly described in Brooke's poem:—

"An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,
Borne to their church, with open face upon the beere he lyes,
In wonted weed attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheete."

Scene II.

2. Shakespeare has been suspected of an oversight, or something worse, in making Capulet give order here for so many *cunning cooks*. Ritson says, "Either Capulet had altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us." But the passage, as Knight says, is entirely in keeping with Shakespeare's habit of hitting off a character almost by a word. Capulet is a man of ostentation; but his ostentation is covered with a thin veil of affected indifference. In the first Act he says to his guests, "We have a trifling foolish banquet towards." In the third Act, when he settles the day of Paris's marriage, he just hints, "We 'll keep no great ado; a friend or two." But Shakespeare knew that these indications of "the pride which apes humility" were not inconsistent with the twenty cooks.

6, 7. *'tis an ill cook*, etc.:—This adage is in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589:—

> "As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chicke:
> A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick."

Scene III.

5. *cross and full of sin*:—Edward von Hartmann has launched a diatribe against Juliet. He asserts her immeasurable moral inferiority to the typical German maiden, both of poetry and of real life. A Swedish professor, Henrik Schück, says of Juliet: "On examining into the nature of the love to which she owes all this strength, the unprejudiced reader cannot but recognize in it a purely sensual passion. . . . A few words from the lips of this well-favoured youth are sufficient to awaken in its fullest strength the slumbering desire in her breast. But this love possesses no

psychical basis; it is not founded on any harmony of souls. . . . The woman who, inaccessible to the spiritual element in love, lets herself be carried away on this first meeting by the joy of the senses, is ignorant of the love which our age demands." These will appear to be *cross*, that is, *perverse* criticisms to most students of the majority of great commentators on the character of Juliet.

23. *Lie thou there*:—"Daggers," says Gifford, "or, as they are commonly called, knives, were worn at all times by every woman in England; whether they were so in Italy, Shakespeare, I believe, never inquired, and I cannot tell."

39-41. *As in a vault*, etc.:—This idea was perhaps suggested to the Poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford-on-Avon is a very large one, and possibly contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.

47. *mandrakes'*:—"The mandrake," says Thomas Newton in his *Herbal*, "has been idly represented as a creature having life, and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath beene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murther, and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried." So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, 1623: "I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*, and am grown *mad* with it."

58. *Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee*:—Such is the closing line of this speech in the Quarto of 1597. The later editions give it thus: "Romeo, *Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke*, I drink to thee;" where a stage direction (*heeres drinke*) has evidently got printed as a part of the text. Coleridge remarks upon the passage thus: "Shakespeare provides for the finest decencies. It would have been too bold a thing for a girl of fifteen; but she swallows the draught in a fit of fright." Schlegel has the same thought.

Scene IV.

"This," says Corson, "is one of those scenes so frequent in Shakespeare's plays which, by their commonplaceness and even, sometimes, vulgarity, serve to deepen the impressions of the sad and the tragic."

6, 7. *Go, you cot-quean*, etc.:—By Walker, Singer, Verplanck, and Hudson this speech is given to Lady Capulet, on the ground that we cannot imagine that a servant would take so great a

liberty with her master as to call him a *cot-quean* and order him to bed. It is also pointed out that the Nurse is not present, having just been sent to *fetch more spices.*

Scene V.

14. *my lady's dead*:—Lloyd remarks on this scene thus: "What a picture of a commonplace grieving household is that assembled round the seeming death-bed of Juliet—the world pausing for a moment with suspended feelings at the shock of a suddenly terminated existence, and after a few moments recommencing an unaltered course which beyond the very narrow circle of contact was never interrupted. No thought of recent unkindness touches the hearts of father or mother, and the rapture of the blubbering Nurse is a welcome diversion of our feelings, and gives us an excuse to smile. It is by thus completing the picture of society in all directions, the intellectual, fanciful, animated and irritable, sentimental and sympathetic, and the opposites and negatives of all, and in all grades of the social order, that a living reality is gained for ideal and poetic love; and notwithstanding its exaltation it descends to us and embraces us invincibly, and the sympathies cling fearlessly and believingly to a glory that is bright with beams from Paradise, yet so accompanied and associated as neither to scare us as a phantom alluring to destroy, nor mock us with hopelessness of a beauty that can never be achieved."

49. *O woe!* etc.:—White says that "in this speech of mock heroic woe, and perhaps in the two that follow, Shakespeare seems to have ridiculed, as he has done elsewhere, the translation of Seneca's Tragedies, published in 1581. In the Quarto of 1597, for the speeches of the Nurse and Paris, we have, with the stage direction, '*All cry out at once, and wring their hands.*'"

101. [*Enter Peter.*] Coleridge has the following remark here: "As the audience know that Juliet is not dead, this scene is, perhaps, excusable. But it is a strong warning to minor dramatists not to introduce at one time many separate characters agitated by one and the same circumstance. It is difficult to understand what effect, whether that of pity or of laughter, Shakespeare meant to produce; the occasion and the characteristic speeches are so little in harmony! For example, what the Nurse says is excellently suited to the Nurse's character, but grotesquely unsuited to the occasion."

105, 106. *My heart is full of woe*:—This is the burden of the

first stanza of *A Pleasant New Ballad of Two Lovers*: "Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe."

129. *Catling*:—This worthy takes his name from a small lute-string made of catgut; his companion the fiddler, from an instrument of the same name mentioned by many of our old writers, and recorded by Milton as an instrument of mirth:—

> "When the merry bells ring round,
> And the joyful *rebecks* sound."

ACT FIFTH

Scene I.

The breathless rapidity of incidents, this hasty interchange, this closest interweaving and association of rapture and misery in the distribution of the plot, is in sympathy with the characteristic passion that gives the central impulse of the play, on which all depends. The hasty precipitancy of the passion of Romeo and Juliet is the ruling motive with which all the accompaniments harmonize, as it seems the highest expression of a prevailing tendency of the age and the clime.

24. *then I defy you, stars!*—The moment that Romeo receives the false tidings of Juliet's death is the moment of his assuming full manhood. Accordingly, he now speaks with masculine directness and energy; he is now master of events; the stars cannot alter his course.

34. *Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night*:—Nothing, as Maginn has observed, can be more quiet than this final determination. "It is plain Juliet; . . . no honeyed word escapes his lips, nor, again, does any accent of despair. His mind is so made up, the whole course of the short remainder of his life so unalterably fixed, that it is perfectly useless to think more about it." These words, because they are the simplest, are among the most memorable that Romeo utters. Romeo, who was weak, has at length become strong."

Scene II.

5, 6. *a bare-foot brother . . . associate me*:—Each friar had always a companion assigned him by the superior, when he asked leave to go out. In the *Visitatio Notabilis de Selborne*, a curious record printed in White's *Natural History of Selborne*, Wykeham

enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion. There is a similar regulation in the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge. So in Brooke's poem:—

"Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes,
And for because in Italy it is a wonted gyse
That friers in the towne should seldome walke alone,
But of theyr covent ay should be accompanide with one
Of his profession, straight a house he fyndeth out,
In mynde to take some frier with him, to walke the town about."

11. *Seal'd up*:—A duty of the English constable. Herford tells us that "the Middlesex Sessions Rolls contain cases of the trial of constables for neglecting this duty."

18. *The letter was not nice*:—That is, was not on a *trivial* or *idle* matter, but on a subject of importance, the sense of *nice* (*trifling*) being the same here as in III. i. 156.

Scene III.

[*A churchyard; in it a monument*, etc.] The monument in which Juliet was entombed plays as important a part in the old tale as in the tragedy; and it has been conjectured, perhaps with reason, that the original author had in mind the tomb of the Scaligers or della Scalas in Verona. There is a tradition in Verona that the lovers were buried in the crypt of the Franciscan convent of Fermo Maggiore; and a plain stone sarcophagus which was removed from the ruins of that building after its destruction by fire, is yet shown in Verona as Juliet's tomb.

12-17. *Sweet flower*, etc.:—Instead of these six lines, the Quarto of 1597 has the following seven, which some editors have preferred:—

"Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity,
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands,
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb."

48. [*Opens the tomb.*] Daniel supposes that the tomb was placed in the space under the gallery at the back of the stage

proper. Malone thinks a trap-door may have been opened, and that Romeo may have brought Juliet up in his arms from the vault beneath the stage.

87. *a dead man*:—Romeo, who so speaks of himself by reason of his having come here to die.

90. *A lightning before death*:—Schmidt explains this as "a last blazing-up of the flame of life." This idea frequently occurs in old dramas. So in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:—

> "I thought it was *a lightning before death*,
> Too sudden to be certain."

92, 93. *Death . . . beauty*:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Death being able to divide the soule, but not the beauty, from her body."

96. *death's pale flag*:—A connection is traceable between parts of this speech and some lines in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592. For example, compare the following:—

> "And nought-respecting death, the last of pains,
> *Plac'd his pale colours, th' ensign of his might*,
> Upon his new-got spoil before his right."

97. *Tybalt*, etc.:—Brooke's poem reads:—

"Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restles sprite now be,
With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,
What more amendes, or cruell wreke desyrest thou
To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now?
Who reft by force of armes from thee thy living breath,
The same with his owne hand (thou seest) doth poyson himselfe to death."

101. *Forgive me, cousin*:—"Inexpressibly beautiful and moving," says Clarke, "is this gentleness of Romeo's in his death hour. His yearning to be at peace with his foe, his beseeching pardon of him and calling him kinsman in token of final atonement, his forbearance and even magnanimity towards Paris, his words of closing consideration and kindly farewell to his faithful Balthasar, all combine to crown Romeo as the prince of youthful gentlemen and lovers."

137-139. *As I did sleep*, etc.:—"This," says Steevens, "is one of

the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer represents Rhesus dying, fast asleep, and, as it were, beholding his enemy in a dream, plunging a sword into his bosom." But Dowden says, "I fail to see any other 'touch of nature' here than that Balthasar, who did not venture to his master's assistance, wishes to break the fact to the Friar rather than state it plainly."

162. *his timeless end*:—Shakespeare has been arraigned for making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance, and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. But Schlegel thinks that the Poet hit upon what was best, for there is a measure of agitation beyond which all that is superadded becomes torture, or glides off ineffectually from the already saturated mind. Why should we heap still more upon accident that is already so guilty? "Romeo," says Schlegel, "holds his beloved in his arms, and, dying, cheers himself with a vision of everlasting marriage. She also seeks death, in a kiss, upon his lips. These last moments must belong unparticipated to tenderness, that we may hold fast to the thought, that love lives, although the lovers perish."

194. *startles in our ears*:—The old copies have *your* instead of *our*. Johnson made the change, which, though perhaps not necessary to the sense, helps it a good deal.

203. *his house*:—The dagger's sheath.

204. *on the back*:—Anciently, the dagger was usually worn behind the back. So in *Humour's Ordinarie*: "See you yon huge bum *dagger at his back*?"

305. *A glooming peace*:—The Quarto of 1597 has *gloomy*, adopted by Hudson (Harvard ed.). *To gloom* is an ancient verb, used by Spenser and other old writers.

308. *Some shall be pardon'd*, etc.:—This line has reference to Brooke's poem, in which the Nurse is banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the Apothecary is hanged; while Friar Laurence is permitted to retire to a hermitage near Verona, where he ends his life in penitence and peace.

310. [*Exeunt.*] "In conclusion," says Ulrici, "let me add a few remarks in regard to the closing scene of the drama. It has been objected to, and sometimes altered or omitted, because it was supposed that Shakespeare had there offended the laws of dramatic

art, inasmuch as, instead of directly closing with the death of the lovers, he added a superfluous scene of explanation and enquiry which weakened the tragic impression. But is the scene merely one of explanation and enquiry? Has the tragedy no other object than of shaking the nerves of the spectators out of their ordinary state of lassitude, by scenes of murder and suicide? Would not the death of beauty, greatness and nobility leave the impression of a revolting murder, did it not, at the same time, express a soothing, elevating solace? And this solace, which is an element in the conception of tragic pathos—inasmuch as it also portrays human greatness and beauty in its purification, and hence in its true, ideal reality—sounds forth from this closing scene in the soft harmony of a calm, intense sadness, a harmony in which all harshness is resolved into sweet sound. . . . No more significant, more exalting, or more affecting funeral elegy can be conceived than is here presented to the lovers—the victims of a high, noble and ideal striving—by the beautiful, deeply poetical drama."

Questions on Romeo and Juliet.

1. What is the probable date of composition? What facts, external and internal, assist in establishing the date?

2. Give the sources of the plot. Mention some earlier plays on the same theme.

3. How long a time does the action of the play cover?

ACT FIRST.

4. What was there in the history of Verona to justify the turbulence of the street scenes in this play? Why is Verona called *fair*? How is the first Scene built up to a climax? What feeling of absurdity do you derive concerning the servants' quarrel?

5. How is Romeo first described? Where does Romeo express sentiments similar to some contained in the *Sonnets*?

6. What argument do Capulet and Paris enter into in Sc. ii.? What facts about Juliet do you obtain?

7. Who is not invited to the feast of the Capulets? How does Romeo discover the list of guests? What motive leads him to accept Benvolio's proposal that he go an uninvited guest?

8. State some of the mental traits of the Nurse as displayed in her first long speech. To what event, if any, of a historical character did the Nurse allude when she said, *'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years*?

9. What sort of a woman was Juliet's mother? What first impression of Juliet do you derive from her?

10. What mental traits does Mercutio possess as exhibited in Sc. iv.?

11. What is Romeo's feeling at the gateway of the Capulets? What does it foreshadow? Is it art or nature that really demands these gloomy reflections; or rather would it be good art to leave this Act a purely idyllic one with no foreshadowing of tragic consequences? How does Juliet in Sc. v. strike the note?

12. What do you infer from the dialogue of the servingmen in Sc. v., considered with reference to the following points: Has it

any connection with the plot? What purpose does it serve? Why are dialogues of this sort frequent in Shakespeare?

13. Review the first Act and from it prophesy the dénouement of the play. What have we here laid down as the active principle or the problem to be solved? What is the enveloping atmosphere?

ACT SECOND.

14. Does Sc. i. contain any important dramatic action? What gives it its value, or makes it at all vital to the play? Had Mercutio or Benvolio any suspicion of the new direction of Romeo's affections?

15. How do you explain Romeo's protestations of love to Juliet (Sc. ii.) in view of his past declarations concerning Rosaline?

16. Explain Juliet's dread of Romeo's family name, in view of the fact that her father had spoken kindly of Romeo in her presence. May not her belief that her father would not consent to a marriage have been mistaken?

17. Is there anything in this interchange of words of Romeo and Juliet that is not absolutely compatible with the thoughts of youth?

18. Quote such lines in the "balcony scene" as have become either proverbs or familiar quotations.

19. When does Sc. iii. take place? How long since the beginning of the action? What attributes of the priestly office do you see in Friar Laurence? Does he easily yield to Romeo's request? How does he excuse his determination?

20. What act of Tybalt's is discussed in Sc. iv. by Benvolio and Mercutio?

21. What does Mercutio satirize in lines 19-37? How is Romeo brought into the conversation?

22. What change do you note in the mood of Romeo when you see him in the company of Mercutio and Benvolio? What is the cause?

23. Why does the Nurse call for her fan?

24. Did not the Nurse enjoy the banter of Mercutio rather more than the indignation she expresses after his exit would indicate?

25. Do you think Juliet actually sent a message to Romeo that the Nurse will keep to herself, or is this a delicate stroke of

Shakespeare's to exhibit the capriciousness of the Nurse's character in withholding the message?

26. What appointment is made by Romeo? How is the sense of the danger of the plan augmented?

27. What is the dramatic effect of Juliet's long soliloquy at the opening of Sc. v.?

28. How does the Nurse play upon Juliet's impatience? Is it intentional or characteristic?

29. What do you say of the suitability of the Nurse for the post she holds?

30. Is there anything fateful by implication in the invocation of the Friar?

31. What psychological explanation can you give of the fact that these supreme moments, as you see them now in the lives of Romeo and Juliet, induce moods of sadness or fatality?

32. Could Friar Laurence have legally married Juliet to Romeo with the secrecy upon which the plot depends? What do you understand by the term "Friar" as applied to Laurence?

ACT THIRD.

33. From the words of Benvolio and Mercutio, which do you think will pick the quarrel first?

34. What reasons had Romeo for avoiding the quarrel?

35. In what temper does Mercutio leave the stage?

36. Analyze Romeo's *I thought all for the best* (Sc. i. line 106); also *O, I am fortune's fool!* (line 138). What likeness does he bear to Hamlet?

37. What note reminiscent of Hamlet do lines 121, 122 contain?

38. Does Benvolio tell the truth in his account of Mercutio's death? If not, what was his motive?

39. Is it good dramatic art to place a long speech like Benvolio's describing a scene that has just been performed in the presence of the audience? Examine some of the later plays, when Shakespeare's art was more mature, and see if you can find similar instances.

40. What sentence is passed upon Romeo and upon the houses of Montague and Capulet for the brawling?

41. What kind of government do you find to have existed in Verona at this period? In respect to this is the play historic?

42. Explain the classical figures at the opening of Juliet's apostrophe in Sc. ii.

43. Is the Nurse wilfully playing upon Juliet, or is she simply indulging her habit of loose statement to the point of misleading her? When does the Nurse first directly speak to Juliet?

44. Trace the successive states of mind that Juliet goes through. What is the emotional effect of this Scene? With what disillusion does it end?

45. Compare Scs. ii. and iii. and describe how they stand as reverse and obverse in their emotional progression.

46. In Romeo's plight is death rather to be welcomed than banishment? Does Romeo here play the woman as the Friar alleges? Compare the knocking scene here with that in *Macbeth*. Is there any similarity in the way they are managed?

47. Do you agree with the Nurse when she declares that she *could have stay'd here all the night to hear good counsel*, or is there much too much, and does Shakespeare laugh at himself through the Nurse?

48. At what time does Sc. iv. take place? What is the ironic effect of this Scene? What is its episodic value?

49. What time relation has Sc. v. with Sc. iv? Describe the mental state of each of the two protagonists.

50. What foreshadowings of future events do we find in the parting words (Sc. v.) of the lovers? What mental resources does Juliet show in her use of *double entente* during the dialogue with her mother? Has anything in Capulet prepared you for his harshness and inflexibility in dealing with Juliet?

51. How would Ophelia have answered Capulet had she been his daughter?

52. Why did not Juliet upbraid the Nurse for her perfidious advice? Where does Juliet turn for help? Is she without definite resolution or has she a plan that she wishes the Friar to assist in carrying out?

ACT FOURTH.

53. Whom does Juliet encounter at Friar Laurence's cell? What is the character of her interview with this man?

54. Is the allusion to *evening mass* (Sc. i. 38) an error? If so, why is Shakespeare credited by the critics with a familiarity with the usages of the Roman Catholic Church?

55. What is the dramatic effect of Juliet's speech, lines 81-85, multiplying images associated with death?

56. What lore is implied by the allusion in Sc. ii. to the cook's licking his own fingers?

57. How does Juliet couch her answer to her father's question as to where she has been *gadding*?

58. What day is set for the wedding? Does this day coincide with the day the Friar has assumed? Is this disparity a vital point in the plot?

59. By yielding to the suggestion of an earlier day is Juliet made a partaker in the chain of causes that end in disaster?

60. Is there any dissuading voice? Does this voice exhibit anything of the irony of character? At this point does the play touch the principles laid down for tragedy by the ancients?

61. Trace the progress of emotional states in Juliet in Sc. iii. Does this Scene better than any other show her imaginative qualities?

62. What ideas do you get of the management of a Veronese household. At what time of day was it customary to celebrate nuptials?

63. What effect does the wailing over the supposed death of Juliet produce? Is it pathetic or ludicrous? What do you think was the dramatist's intention, considering the fact that the audience knows what the Friar, alone of the people of the play, knows?

64. Does the plight of Paris move your sympathy?

65. Explain the musician's words, *the case may be amended*.

ACT FIFTH.

66. What is the temper of Romeo's speech at the opening of the Act? Its dramatic effect? What message does he receive?

67. Is it likely that a man in Romeo's emotional state would remember the details of the apothecary's shop? What does Romeo say about gold?

68. What prevents the delivery of the letter that Friar Laurence dispatches to Romeo?

69. Does all the tragic consequence hang upon this mischance?

70. Does the cause seem insufficient for the effect; that is, should we not be made to feel the inevitableness of the cause when the consequence is so tragic?

71. What is the order of events in Sc. iii.?

72. What is Romeo's response to Paris's challenge?

73. Were not the facts as known wholly against Romeo, so that Paris is excusable for forcing Romeo into a quarrel? How is Paris's case supported by the dramatist?

74. What is the agency that arouses the families and the rownspeople? Do you feel a wide departure from verisimilitude?

75. Is it a good dramatic device to have the disentanglement effected by the recital of a witness or confidant instead of leaving it to the action itself?

76. Compare this with some of the later tragedies and comment on Shakespeare's development as a dramatist in the way of effective curtains.

77. Is it defective art in Shakespeare to prolong his last acts beyond the death of the principal personages in such tragedies as the present one and *Hamlet*? Would the play have been equally artistic had the ending been less tragical?

78. Is this a play for the study rather than for the stage? Did Shakespeare have in mind a play for the study when he wrote? What is the difference between the two kinds of work?

79. What class of admirers could appreciate this tragedy most: those who read it or those who witness its performance on the stage?

80. What conception of love seems to dominate this play? Brandes speaks of its Romanesque structure: what does he mean?

81. Does this drama give support to the notion that love at first sight is rational? Can anything be deduced from this tragedy with reference to love and if so, what?

82. Can you trace the spirit of the Renaissance throughout this play?

83. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* is said to have characteristics in common with *Romeo and Juliet*: what is your view of this matter?

84. Have you any comment to make on the subject of the emotional quality of the play?

85. Are the incidents of this play in accordance with your own observations of human nature?

86. Indicate the sonnet form wherever it occurs.

87. Is there anything in *Romeo and Juliet* which points to the conclusion that Shakespeare had been in Italy?

88. What is indicated in this play with reference to the mechanical structure and resources of the stage in Shakespeare's day?

89. Would you place Juliet among the great female characters in Shakespeare? May she be deemed typically Italian? Why? Edward von Hartmann criticises "her immeasurable moral inferiority to the typical German maiden." How does that idea impress you? Is Juliet's character that of a truthful person? Is she dishonest in anything?

90. Which is the more practical and resolute—Romeo or Juliet?

91. Do you detect any resemblance between Hamlet's character and Romeo's?

92. How does the Nurse compare with any similar character you may have encountered in your reading?

93. What is the difference between the character of Mercutio and that of Benvolio? Cite characteristic speeches of each in support of your view. What significance may be attached to Mercutio's repetitions (Act III. Sc. i.) of *A plague o' both your houses*?



